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I'm not really SUPERSTITIOUS

Do YOU believe in lucky signs and omens?

By . . . AMANDA LOVEL

SIMPLY must give up being superstitious. Have been utterly miserable since I broke that mirror last week and have blamed every trivial mishap since on that.

Am quite sure the thought of it is bringing me bad luck—it is so silly to think just because the mirror slipped out of my hand when I was trying to hang it that I am going to be positively dogged by misfortune for seven years.

Still, it was peculiar how the dog got out into the zinnias and the front tyre went flat right after . . .

Of course, I'm not really superstitious. I don't take these things really seriously.

I never mind 13—except as the number of my cabin on shipboard. After all, ships do strike rocks and things and there's no need absolutely to taunt fate . . .

Of course, I can't understand how people can be so awfully silly about lighting cigarettes three on a match.

They do say the soldiers who were in the last war definitely believe that whoever took the third light was killed.

Still George, who went through the whole four years from Gallipoli on, told me it was all a lot of rot.

He said the match was just lighted long enough for a sniper to take aim and get the third man.

But, then, George is awfully down on anything like that.

He gets so angry about what he calls, in his stiff-necked moments, my "earnest desire to believe in any sort of abracadabra that hasn't got any sort of fact to back it up."

I think there is something in numbers, all the same. Look how everybody wants the numbers that end in 7 in the books of raffle tickets.

I won that Christmas bottle of wine with number 77.

George says that seeing I bought more than half the tickets in my book because I had forgotten to sell them, and seeing there were only three books sold altogether, I had to win it on the law of averages.

But that's silly because if I had only bought number 77 I would still have won the wine and then it wouldn't have had anything to do with the law of averages at all.

Men are so illogical.

Then there are the stars . . . Mrs. Applebery never does anything without seeing whether it's the right day by the stars.

Of course, I don't believe a word of it, but that was the most extraordinary story she told about the party.

It appears that she gave a special party to prove to some unbelieving friend that you really can tell people's character by the stars according to their birthdays.

She invited a lot of people and everybody had to come wearing her birth date pinned on her frock. There was to be some sort of a prize for the one nearest a lucky date!

Well, before the party she wrote out just what she knew their characters were (pretty frank she was, too) and what their birthdays OUGHT to be because of that.

Then she collected the birthday slips and she and her friend secretly compared them with the list of what their birthdays ought to be by her character reckoning. She wasn't more than a fortnight out in any of them!

George says that's her story and she probably knew half their birthdays beforehand, but George doesn't believe in anything, and I always say that after all **you never know**, and it doesn't do a bit of harm just to use the lucky days and omens as the star people advise you **in case** . . .

Just look at the phlox the Smiths grow by planting by the stars!

I tell George you can't blame the stars if plants later get the wilt, or if the seeds get washed out by a storm . . . You might as well pick the best day for putting them in . . .

George wants to move out of this house into a new one higher up the line, and he gets so wild when I say that we really have been lucky ever since we moved here, and how unlucky we were in the house before.

I remind him how sick he was in the other one, but he says that's because the air up here suits him better.

I say he's been lucky in business since we moved; he says I'm only comparing it with the depression years.

For myself, I don't think believing some things are lucky or unlucky for you is really being superstitious.

Look how colored people believe in rabbits' feet, and Irish people in four-leaved shamrocks, and Maoris in those green Tiki stones, and Scots in heather.

People wouldn't go on positively for centuries if they hadn't proved these things.

And stage people! They positively blanch with horror if anyone whistles in the wings or dressing-rooms. They KNOW the show will flop.

Look what happened that time we went away for a week-end and I put my frock on inside out and had to turn it. Everything went wrong from that moment.

Of course, George would say that everything went wrong only because I lost my head about the bad luck and we nearly missed the train.

He was really rude the way he pointed out that I had already forgotten to pack his new shorts before I put my dress on wrongly.

And I've noticed that nothing will induce him to turn his money when there's a new moon or wish when he sees a falling star.

Sheer obstinacy it is, because, well, you can't possibly do any harm and you just might get some luck out of it.

Well, this isn't getting me any place, with my resolution not to worry about the mirror.

I quite agree with George that to make myself miserable about such a thing is quite fantastic.

Just to be on the safe side, though, I think I'll buy myself to-day one of those lucky-charm bracelets and wear it all the time.

Of course, I'm not really superstitious.

TERRIBLE PROSPECT of seven years' bad luck allegedly confronts the mirror-breaker . . . result, firm resolution to abandon customary belief in superstitions, omens, charms . . .

R.A.F. PILOT dares fate with this coat-of-arms of unlucky charms when he flies bombing over Berlin.

PUT YOURSELF IN THIS PICTURE

Peach, Rachel, Brunette, Suntan and Natural

(Also ERASMIC CREAM, Vanishing and Cold, 1/- Tube)

Romance like this is not confined to fiction—it is the natural right of every girl. To be born beautiful is not so essential as to know the art of fascination and how to appear alluring with—most important of all—the irresistible appeal of a skin soft as rose petals. Fortunate is the girl who has Erasmic Face Powder to help her. Here is a powder delicate as chiffon that gives a smooth, pearl-like finish to the complexion—surrounding the wearer with a delicate, haunting fragrance that comes to seem a very part of one's charm.

ERASMIC FACE POWDER 1/-

E.A.27

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE

REAR-ADMIRAL P. W. NELLES
Canada's first

CANADIAN naval officer most prominently connected with taking over the United States destroyers for Britain is Rear-Admiral P. W. Nelles. First Canadian to reach this rank, he was also, on his promotion two years ago, when he was forty-six, youngest rear-admiral in the navy.

He has won rapid promotion since, in 1908, he entered the service as one of the first team of Canadian naval cadets.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH
. . . All will be well

"WE know that in the end all will be well," said Princess Elizabeth in her recent broadcast to the children of the Empire, her first experience on the air. She is pictured here speaking her message of cheer and good wishes into the microphone.

The speech was delightfully spoken, without a tremor or hint of nervousness, in a voice extraordinarily like that of her mother, clear and sympathetic.

MR. FRANK HUTCHENS
Guild of Composers

CONVENER of the recently-formed New South Wales Guild of Composers, for the encouragement of public interest in Australian compositions and creative efforts, Mr. Frank Hutchens is a composer and pianist of note.

A New Zealander by birth, he was sent to England as an infant prodigy, and studied with Professor Matthay, at the Royal Academy of Music. Recently he was made a Fellow of the Academy. Has composed orchestral, chamber music, and piano pieces.

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Boatload of glamor to fight England's trade battles

Whitehall sends fashion show to South America

Under Government sponsorship, glamorous mannequins and the most gigantic dress collection ever shown will shortly leave England for South America to capture markets left open by the fall of France.

Whitehall thus makes fashion one of the sinews of war. Gay, colorful materials worked up with the ingenuity and skill of master craftsmen will be the weapons and England's loveliest models the shock troops in the fashion battle for South America.

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Representative in England

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BOMBS have been raining on London, but the needles and the scissors have never ceased to work. Those who've plied them to make this dress show possible have been doing as much for the war effort as those who've worked machines in munition factories.

The whole venture is Government-sponsored, and the frou-frou of fashion rustles in the dusty corridors of Whitehall's Board of Overseas Trade.

Staid officials go into solemn conference to test the merits of paillettes against beading, or chiffons against satins, and meanwhile couturiers are busy in their bomb-damaged West End salons creating models to help the war effort.

Paquin has only the back of his salon left—a bomb having wiped out the rest.

Hartnell has demolition squads right up to his front door; Creed is sharing premises, as Nazi hordes occupy his spacious Paris house.

But despite these difficulties work goes on and looms turn out textiles in the blitzkrieged Midland towns.

Hartnell has created a perfect dream dress of blue rayon satin on crinoline lines, and it is hoped that Australian Margaret Vyner will decide to join the group of glamor girls going out as models and so wear this particular creation.

Margaret's marriage to her soldier husband, Hugh Williams, was only seven months ago, and she is revelling just now in a most domesticated existence.

She's regarded as a perfect mannequin type—in fact, if Margaret decides that she must stay in England the group will concentrate on taking a mannequin who measures up to Margaret's standards.

MARGARET VYNER, *lovely young Australian, whom dress designers wish to send abroad as the perfect type to model English clothes in the great drive to capture fashion trade in South America. Here Margaret wears a Matita model of plaid woollen with a divided skirt.*

New trends

AS secret as new types of planes or the range of guns are details of models from nine London houses that comprise the boatload of glamor-become-weapons.

Like a spy for the well-dresseds, I've managed to find out some of the new trends that are going out to capture for England new trade markets.

Paquin, whose Paris house is now so dominated by the Nazis that Goering has been buying dresses for his frau there, is making up for this by joining in with England's trade effort and is in London deftly using laces from Nottingham for evening frocks.

One dead-white lace dress shows the Spanish influence. It has a squared neck, slender, fitted bodice to the hipline, and develops a frou-frou movement groundward in rows of frills

Famous for laces, England now has a wide field left open by Chantilly and other French laces, and this frock will be a sure winner, especially as it will be worn by Paquin's loveliest mannequin.

Worth's Suzanne Hood, one of the most photographed girls in London, will wear among many models a super linen with brown, red, and green eighth-of-an-inch stripes on a white background. On strictly tailored lines, the dress will be covered by a coatee with the stripes worked perpendicularly and horizontally.

Cotton printed in bold red-and-green flowered patterns on a black background is used by Worth for an evening dress that'll do much to expand Lancashire's cotton trade and show that it is not only confined to the duller side of household goods.

Digby Morton, now fully recovered from his terrible experiences in the City of Benares, when he and his wife were among the few survivors, is sending Rosemary Chance, Lord Wellington's niece, as a model.

Her red-gold hair and willowy slenderness will admirably offset the tailored tweeds he's designed in extraordinarily rich colorings, though small designs. This is the type of tweed favored in South America, and it is just bright enough for them while retaining the character of English tweeds.

Victor Stiebel has been released by the army to finish his collection which he started during his leave.

Molyneux has a slightly flared dress, covered by a neat jacket, carried out in tweed in the new shade of heather bloom, that is sure to capture the eye of many women who were his clients in Paris.

Creed, Lachaase, and Peter Russell are all combining in this big fashion drive.

Among mannequins who, to further this important industry and pile up credits abroad, are making the dangerous trip through U-boat infested waters is Iris Lockwood, now co-starring with Vic Oliver in "Black Velvet"; Peggy Chester, and Jeanne Stuart.

All are girls whose beauty will do much to enhance the design, quality and workmanship of the frocks. Australia can be proud if she is represented among them.

GOODBYE..GREY HAIR!

Years drop off your age when the grey hair goes

THE grey in your hair is not wanted—nor is it one of those evils that must be endured— any more! This inexpensive home treatment brings back the NATURAL colour to any hair — blonde, brunette or auburn. If it was auburn — to auburn it returns . . . if it was black — black it becomes and so on. There is NO repulsive off-shade appearance — for this natural home treatment is *not* a dye, and it is as simple to use as it is effective in treatment.

HERE'S WHAT TO DO

Just get a small box of Orlex Compound from your chemist and mix up with one ounce of Bay Rum, ¼ ounce Glycerine and one half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful.

ORLEX COMPOUND

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CHARMING PICTURE of the Menzies family in the garden of their home at Kew. From left: Ian, Mrs. Menzies, Mr. Menzies, Heather, and Ken.

MRS. R. G. MENZIES sees son Ian off for a ride on Dolly at Mt. Macedon.

Menzies family ready for eventful year

Holiday chat with Prime Minister's wife at Mt. Macedon

This year promises to be a strenuous and eventful one for the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, and his family.

In preparation for it, the family have just spent a short holiday at Mount Macedon, where they usually spend the summer school holidays.

"BEING a Prime Minister's wife is not the easiest job in the world," said Mrs. Menzies, in a special interview.

"I find it largely a matter of creating a restful, normal, home atmosphere. I like our homes to be the sort of places where my husband can forget the many problems he has to shoulder in these anxious days.

"Whenever the House is in session I am in Canberra. I love the Lodge. It is a beautiful home, but we have spent some anxious times there. Now, at this moment, the children and I are on holiday, and I am trying to think that my main anxieties are examination results.

"Kenneth, who is eighteen, has just left Geelong College, but we are still awaiting his Leaving Honors results, and the results of Ian's Leaving exams. Heather, at twelve, has no such worries at present."

As she talked, Mrs. Menzies sat on a large blue pouf in front of a blazing open fire. Small, slim and girlish in her grey pleated skirt and magenta woollen cardigan, she looked too young to be the mother of an eighteen-year-old son.

Three homes

BUT this shy, girlish woman with pretty blue eyes and naturally wavy brown hair that is just beginning to show a few touches of grey is chatelaine of three considerable homes.

First, there is the substantial two-story red brick house in Kew, Vic., which has been the Menzies' home for some years. Then there is the stately white Prime Minister's Lodge at Canberra, and last and most restful of all, the mountain holiday home.

For ten years the Menzies family have been spending summer school holiday months high on Mt. Macedon.

Illira, where Mrs. Menzies has gathered her family in the invigorating air, and where the Prime Minister had his best holiday in two years over the Christmas holidays, is by no means one of the luxury homes that abound on this exclusive mountain.

Built a good many years ago by the late Janet Lady Clarke, it is a simple rambling house of white-painted weatherboards and red iron roof, a comfortable, unpretentious place where children can have a lot of fun.

On a wide ledge on the mountain side, and with terraced lawns sweeping down to the road, it has one of the loveliest views in a community renowned for views.

The many diamond-paned windows and the long verandah look out across the plains towards Melbourne. There is a well-used tennis court, a pony or two in the stables, and soaring pine trees shield the house and garden from chill winds.

"Holiday house"

INDOORS there is nothing that needs too much attention, for this is "holiday house."

Gay chintz curtains and wide armchairs upholstered in hardy dark blue arras cloth, hundreds of books arrayed above an open fireplace and huge bowls of hydrangeas and blue agapanthus make the sitting-room a pleasant place.

"My husband had plenty of tennis, walking and reading here over Christmas," said Mrs. Menzies. "In fact, he had the best rest he has had for two years. It wasn't very long, but it really did do him a lot of good. He has gone back to work feeling much more rested and alert.

"The children love it here. I have always felt sorry we could not have them at Canberra more. They have been there in term holidays, but never for long. Kenneth and Heather love it, but I think Ian is a little bored here."

Kenneth, who looks a little like his mother, but towers over her, has inherited his father's love for the law. He hopes to follow in father's legal footsteps.

Seventeen-year-old Ian, who looks a little more like his father, is interested in farming and all outdoor things. He addresses his mother in a fond, fatherly manner. He is very clever at odd jobs.

Swim WITHOUT EMBARRASSMENT

THE LUSTRE OF Lip-Glo DEFIES EVERY ELEMENT . . .

Here's news . . . wonderful, thrilling news for every out-of-door girl! At last comes a lip colour to defy hot winds and salt spray . . . to stay seductively brilliant yet keeps lips soft and satin-smooth through every mood of the long summer day. Liquid LIP-GLO enlivens lips with a glorious red that leaves no stains on teacups, pillows or clothes . . . no lip-prints anywhere! Obtainable at your favourite store, chemist, or beauty salon, or from Philip Dare Cosmetics, Box 442D, G.P.O., ADELAIDE.

IN SIX EXOTIC TINTS . . . . ENGLISH TINT, LIGHT, TROPIC, PARISIAN, MEDIUM AND REGAL

★ SMEARLESS
★ FADELESS
★ GREASELESS

(1) Apply LIP-GLO with applicator supplied, and shape lips as desired.

(2) Touch up the edges with handkerchief while LIP-GLO is still wet.

(3) A few seconds to dry, and nothing can mar the brilliance of the lips!

L2

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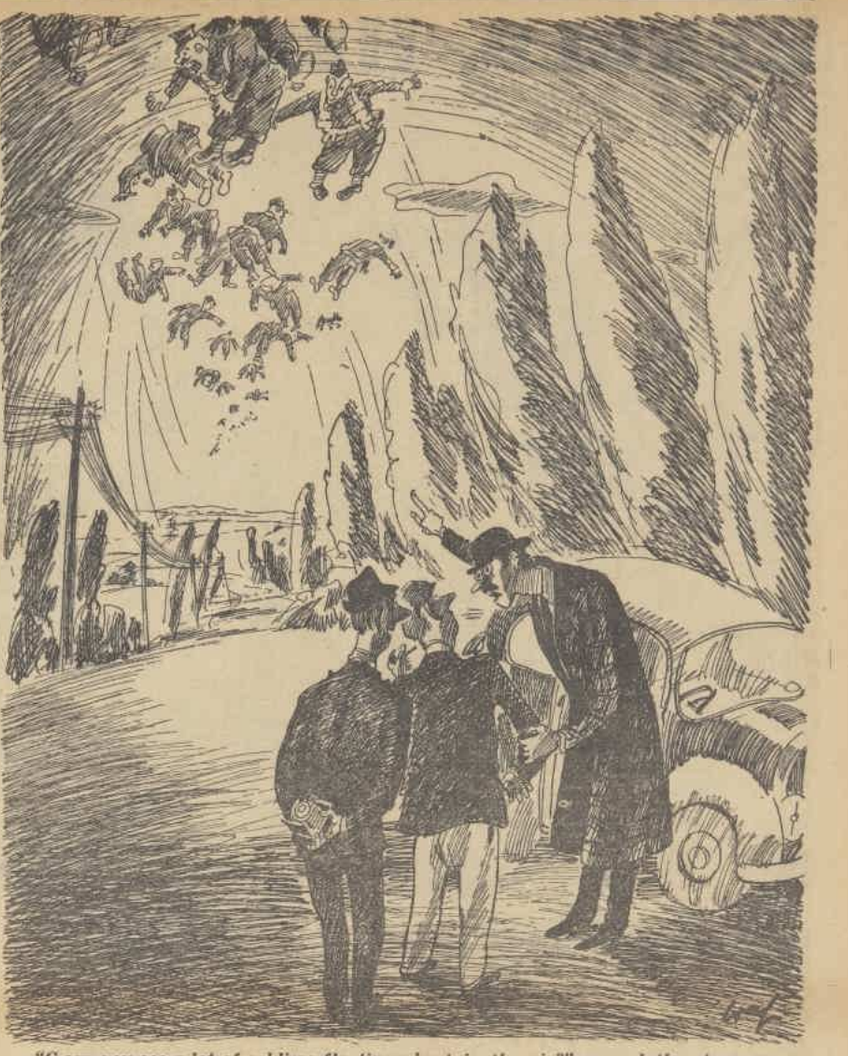
HILLEUM GAS

Delightful farce of a keen experimenter who chanced upon a weird and wonderful invention.



"C-can you see a lot of soldiers floating about in the air?" gasped the stranger.

Illustrated by W.E.P.

By MEX TUTHILL

"THESE gases!" Hill exclaimed as he replaced his glass. "These devilish gases! They're the work of Satan himself. Phosgene, chlorine, C.A.P., B.B.C., mustard, lewisite. Why they are allowed to be used on human beings beats me."

He drank again. "Now I've invented a humane gas. Yes, thank heaven, a humane gas. And yet what a gas to use on an enemy. It just puts him out of action; no pain, no trouble, he just flies away like a bird."

I rang the bell. "Have another?"

He nodded and tapped me on the knee. "I've called it 'Hilleum.' My name with 'eum' added. It makes 'em fly, my boy. It makes 'em fly!"

We drank and I filled my pipe and prepared to listen, although I had my doubts about the value of his gas, having listened to the amateur inventor before.

"You know what hydrogen and helium gases are; gases lighter than air, for lifting balloons and airships. One thousand cubic feet of helium weighs twelve pounds. One thousand cubic feet of hydrogen weighs five pounds, while the same quantity of 'Hilleum' weighs only three ounces, so you can guess its lifting power."

I nodded solemnly although I did not realise the importance of his statement.

"It was through Toots that I found out its peculiar properties," he went on, "and it served Toots jolly well right. My wife thought more of that yappy little beast than ever she thought of me."

"I like dogs," I ventured, "but I never cared much for Pekes."

"Anyone who could have liked Toots deserves what he got," he exclaimed savagely. "I couldn't sit in my own chair if that beastly dog lay on it!"

He sighed and drank again and then he smiled. "If you had seen the look that dog gave me when he went up in the air!"

"Tell me," I prompted.

"I WAS experimenting with a gas for airships, like helium non-inflammable, but with more lifting power. You know my lab., that big wooden shed at the bottom of the garden. Toots was with me and kept sniffing about when I was busy and it irritated me, so I took the screw-cap off the gas-container, and never thinking about any possible harm to the little beast, I said, 'sniff this!'

"He sniffed hard enough. He liked it! I replaced the cap and went outside. I didn't sniff it myself, understand.

"I hadn't been out of the lab. for more than two minutes when Toots gave a bark of utter terror. I rushed inside, and there he was bang against the roof. Gosh! he did look funny. He seemed to be crushed against the top of the shed with his legs working as though he were running.

"Realising that it must be my new gas which was causing his extraordinary predicament, I stood and laughed at him for a while before I sought a ladder to bring him down. The wife was away, thank my lucky stars, so she didn't know. I placed the ladder against the wall and grabbed him. It was like holding a balloon! I got him by the collar, staggered down the ladder and out of the door.

"Then I found that I couldn't put him on the ground; he had the pull of a baby airship. I hauled at his collar, the little devil twisted his head and bit my thumb, I let go, and up he went in the air like a rocket, and I've never seen him since!"

"But," I said, "he must have come down again, surely? Miles away, perhaps. He cannot still be in the air. Wouldn't the effect of the gas wear off?"

"I don't know. I just don't know. I've invented the gas, but I don't know what happens up in the air."

I gazed at him in astonishment. "My dear chap, this gas has wonderful possibilities if it could be used on an enemy in sufficient quantities."

"I know. They would all go up in the air, legs dangling, equipment clattering down. You could kill 'em off decently with machine-guns, or let 'em all go hang. The country that uses 'Hilleum' can boss the world!

"The wife doesn't know about Toots, of course," he explained in trepidation. "Pity help me if she did. She's advertised in 'The Wire,' but she wants a paper with a higher circulation still to reach Toots! Mum's the word, don't forget."

I promised and we parted.

On the following Wednesday we met again. "Two cats and seven rabbits," he exclaimed as soon as we were alone. "Sniff! Sniff! And off they whizzed."

"You mean you've been making further experiments?"

"Yes! Yes! Two cats mewing on top of my lab. I let 'em have a dose through a hosepipe from the ventilator. Seven rabbits in the field. My sacred aunt! You should have seen 'em fly."

"They're only small animals," I ventured to say. "A man will be a different proposition."

"I tell you I'm sure. Now if you saw a cow go up in the air wouldn't you be convinced?"

"I certainly should."

"What made me think of a cow," he said with a grin, "was the old nursery rhyme—'The little dog laughed to see such fun, and the cow jumped over the moon.' Toots might get a laugh out of it. I might manage it this week-end. I'll ring you up if I can."

On the following Saturday morning he rang me up. "Everything's okay," he said. "Meet me at Central Square corner at 2.30. I've got the stuff ready in my car."

Prompt to the minute he pulled up at our rendezvous. "Jump in," he exclaimed, "and have the shock of your life!"

He ran a big car and was a surprisingly good driver. We were soon out of the town, and once on the open road he let her out.

"The queer thing about 'Hilleum,' he explained as we drove along, "is that it has no lifting power until it gets into a warm, moist atmosphere. The container I have it in is like a big vacuum flask; put it cold it stays cold, otherwise it might lift the dashed car in the air."

I glanced rather nervously at the big metal container on the floor in the back of the car.

He smiled. "You needn't worry. Nothing will happen until it warms up inside that cow, and then you'll see milk soar!

"You see, if it wasn't for this peculiar property of 'Hilleum' I couldn't handle it. It would be impossible to hold the container down. As I said, it needs a warm, moist atmosphere, such as that in the lungs of a man or animal, and then its tremendous lifting power begins. Wait until you see it working."

About seven miles out we saw a field of cows, and one of them was peacefully grazing near a gate. Hill shut off his engine and coasted noiselessly towards it. Jumping out, he opened the big luggage locker and pulled out a large armful of hay.

"Ground bait," he whispered.

He dropped it over the gate, and the cow began to eat with evident relish.

Then he opened the nearside door at the back of the car, pulled a small, heavily-wired hosepipe out, pushed the nozzle into the pile of hay, jumped into the car and commenced to work a powerful foot-pump.

I glanced at my wrist-watch. It was five minutes past three. The summer sun was almost unbearably hot and there wasn't a breath of wind. Hill pumped and I watched the cow. My heart beat painfully although I kept thinking the whole thing was a dream; the mad dream of a disordered brain.

At exactly eight minutes past three the cow gave one frenzied "Moo" and to my utter amazement rose in the air, its eyes glaring down in terror, its tail swishing, and its legs working as though it were running. Up and up it flew with bellows of fright. Up and up until it was a mere speck in the sky!

Then a big, red-faced man in leggings, with fear-stricken eyes, staggered from the hedgeside and tottered towards us.

Hill, with surprising speed, pulled in the hosepipe, gave three quick turns to a screw-tap, and sat down unconcernedly in the back seat.

The red-faced man, his lips trembling with terror and excitement, gazed at us for a moment and then gasped out:

"The cow! The cow! Did you see the cow go up in the air like a balloon?"

Hill climbed slowly out of the car and shook his head. "There's no cow here. Don't you think you may have got a little touch of the sun?"

"I were near asleep," the farmer said. "Dozing a bit. Mind it's been hot and I'd had a few pints at the 'Plough.' I were just resting and smoking and thinking when I saw it. I tell you I did! A cow, one of my own cows, fly up in the air like a balloon!"

"If I were you," my friend said soothingly, "I'd go quietly home and rest. Pull down the blind in your bedroom, loosen your collar, and put a cold-water bandage round your head. Sun is the very devil when it gets you and it gives you the weirdest dreams."

"Up in the air," the farmer muttered. "But it couldn't be; not Dolly. It were her I thought I saw. One of my best milkers. Cost me every penny of thirty pounds, too. Up in the air like a rocket! Tell me, mister, where's she gone? One minute I saw her near this gate and the next she went up to heaven like them prophets of old. If she were here, and ain't here now, where is she, tell me that?"

"Up in the Milky Way," Hill said with a grin. "Now get along home and remember — blind down; loosen the collar; cold-water bandage, and no more beer."

The farmer gazed vacantly at him for a time. "I've often, swore to give up the drink, but from now on, mister, I'm strict T.T."

We watched him stagger across the field and then my companion climbed into the driving seat. "Out of evil cometh good," he said. "We've made a lifelong teetotaller of our friend the farmer. Now, Porter, what do you think of 'Hilleum'?"

"You've got tight hold of the world by the belt of the equator," I gasped. "Man, with this gas, you're the supreme dictator. What you say goes. If this gas were used against the Germans, what a sight to see! Nazis popping out of their trenches in thousands and flying up in the the air like champagne corks!"

"Can you see any snag in it?"

"There's one, of course. What about gas-masks?"

"I thought of that, but the funny thing about 'Hilleum' is that it has no smell, so how can anyone detect it? And, although it is odorless, animals seem to like it for some reason. Another thing, I pumped it at the rabbits through a gas-mask, yet it had the same effect as though it had been used direct, so our present type of gas-mask is no protection against it."

He started the car and roared with laughter. "The look that cow gave me," he chuckled, "and the way it worked its legs! Funniest sight I've ever seen."

"Think Toots will be barking at it now, or chasing the rabbits and cats?"

"Toots," he said with bitterness, "can go—but he can't, the little beast. The wife's led me such a dance. Blames me for losing him! If she ever gets to know what I did to that dog I might as well be dead."

"Cheer up! When you're Britain's most famous son she'll change her tune," I assured him.

I did not see Hill for three weeks, for I got a bad touch of lumbago, and when I did meet him again he was very depressed.

"They haven't done a darned thing," he exclaimed angrily. "I wrote to the Secretary of State for War and explained the peculiar properties of 'Hilleum' and this is all I got in reply. I wrote from an hotel at Euston so that my wife wouldn't find out about it."

He pulled a letter out of his pocket and handed it to me. "Read that. The utter fools! They don't know what they're missing, but I'll show them yet."

The letter was as follows:

War Office,
Department A.Q.M.G., Whitehall,
London, SW1.
June 30, 19—

Sir,—With reference to your communication of the 3rd instant, I am commanded by the Secretary of State for War to acknowledge receipt of the communication. Should any further action be taken you will be notified in due course.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
A. B. CHISLE,
For Secretary of State for War.

A. Hill, Esq.,
At the Newold Hotel,
Euston, London.

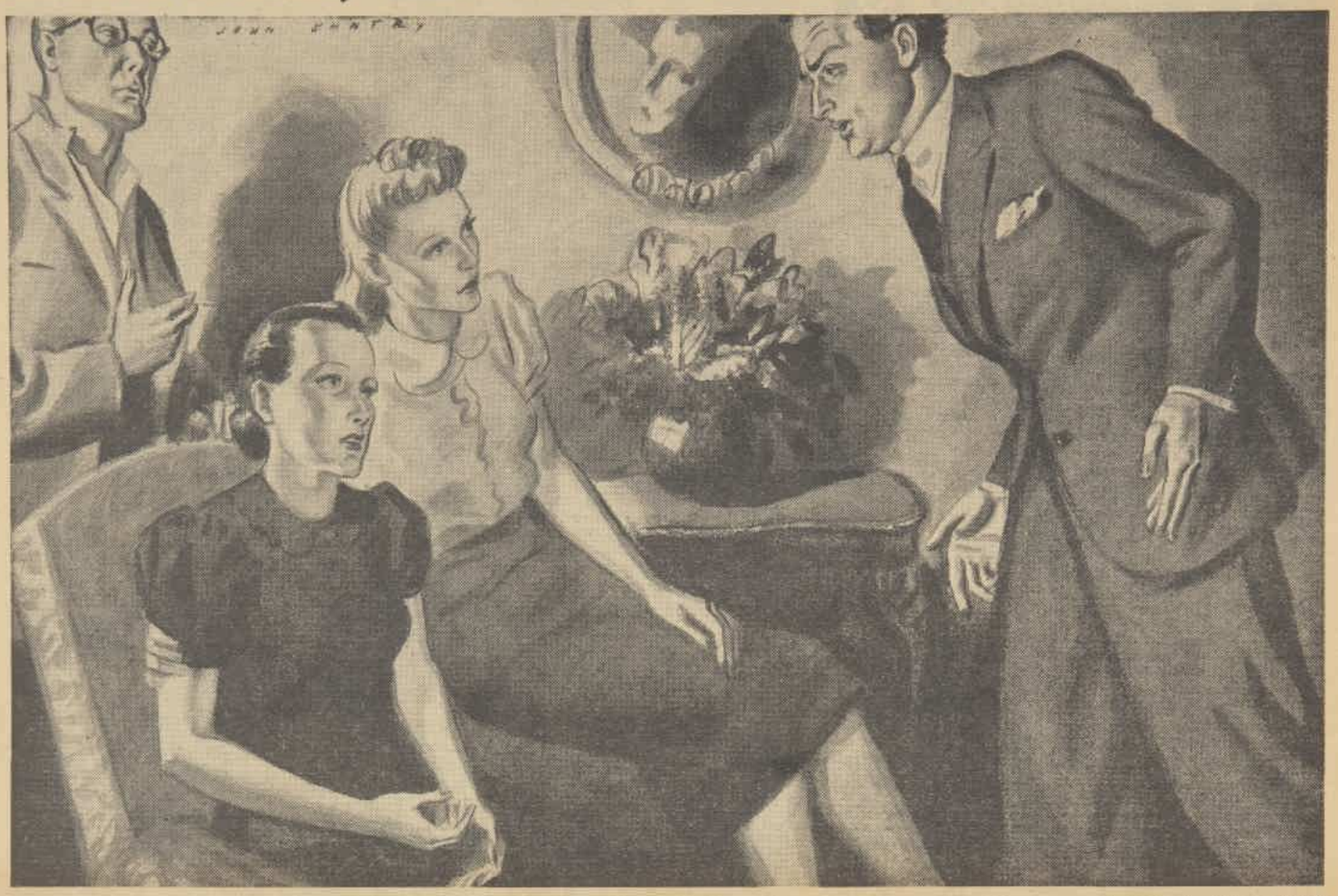
"'My obedient servant,'" Hill exclaimed. "I'd make him my obedient servant if I could give him a sniff of 'Hilleum.' He'd get quicker promotion than ever he dreamt of!"

Please turn to page 28

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4716706

BEHOLD, HERE'S POISON

A mystery serial . . . .



"It can't be true, Mrs. Matthews!" cried Edward Rumbold in a voice of horror.

Illustrated by JOHN SANTRY

By GEORGETTE HEYER

A second time death strikes mysteriously at The Poplars.

GREGORY MATTHEWS has been murdered by nicotine poisoning.

Chief suspects of the murder are his widowed sister-in-law, MRS. ZOE MATTHEWS, and her children GUY and STELLA, who had been on bad terms with him; RANDALL MATTHEWS, heir to the bulk of his large fortune; Stella's fiance, DR. DERYK FIELDING, whom Gregory had bitterly antagonised by threatening to disclose his sordid family history; and HENRY LUPTON, his sister GERTRUDE'S husband, whom Gregory intended to blackmail over a secret love affair.

Investigating the case, SUPERINTENDENT HANNASYDE, of Scotland Yard, discovers that a large part of Gregory's income was derived from a man called John Hyde, but his efforts to trace Hyde fail completely.

Stella, meanwhile, breaks her engagement to Dr. Fielding, who lost interest in her as soon as he learned that she was only to inherit a small sum from Gregory. She receives the kindly support and approval of MR. RUMBOLD, close friend and neighbor of the family.

The following day, at their home, The Poplars, Stella, Guy, and Mrs. Matthews find that Gregory's spinster sister, HARRIET MATTHEWS, who had gone to her room feeling ill, is dead. In consternation, they summon the doctor.

Now read on.

DR. FIELDING had come home to lunch, and within five minutes he was at the Poplars, following Guy upstairs to Miss Matthews' room. Mrs. Matthews was standing at the foot of the bed, and greeted him with composure, but in a hushed voice.

"I think my sister-in-law must have had a stroke, doctor. I haven't tried to do anything for her, as I thought it would be wiser to wait until you came. I have thought for some little while that she wasn't quite herself, but of course I never dreamed of anything like this happening. Poor Harriet! I'm afraid my brother-in-law's death was——"

Dr. Fielding straightened himself. "Mrs. Matthews, your sister-in-law is dead," he said harshly. "She has been dead for as much as two hours, I should say. Why was I not called in before?"

"Dead!" Mrs. Matthews repeated, and bowed her head slightly, covering her eyes with one hand.

Guy said: "We'd no idea! How could we have had? She said she felt seedy. We thought she'd eaten something that had disagreed with her. I tell you, there didn't seem to be anything the matter with her, did there, mother?"

"Nothing," Mrs. Matthews said in a low voice. "A trifle bilious. I gave her some of my own medicine, and put her to bed. She just wanted to be quiet."

"What did she complain of?" Fielding asked.

"Nothing that could lead one to suppose— She said she felt giddy, and that her head ached."

"Any sickness?"

"She had a slight feeling of sickness, which was why I gave her my medicine. It is an excellent prescription——"

"Did she complain of any sensation of cramp? Any shivering in the extremities, or creeping in the arms? Did she seem to you to have difficulty in breathing?"

Mrs. Matthews shook her head. "Oh, no, no! If there had been anything like that I should have sent for you at once! She seemed better after taking the medicine. She was drowsy, and I tucked her up, and left her to have a sleep. I am such a firm believer in the healing qualities of——"

"Fielding, what did she die of?" Guy demanded.

The doctor looked from one to the other of them, his own face set into hard lines. "It is impossible for me to answer that question without performing a post-mortem examination."

Mrs. Matthews laid her hands on the bed-rail, and grasped it nervously. "Surely that cannot be necessary!" she said. "It is so obvious to me that she must have had a stroke! The shock of her brother's death——"

"It is not obvious to me, Mrs. Matthews. I am sorry, but I cannot undertake to sign a certificate. This is a case for the coroner."

"Oh, good heavens!" groaned Guy.

Mrs. Matthews said in a shaking voice: "It's absurd! My sister-in-law has been through a great deal, and she was not a young woman. Moreover, I myself have noticed signs of failing health in her for some time past."

"Look here, you've got to tell us!" said Guy, taking a step towards the doctor. "What do you suspect?"

Fielding met his angry stare with cold severity. "I suspect that Miss Matthews has been poisoned," he replied.

"It's a lie!" said Guy.

"Hush, Guy!" Mrs. Matthews said mechanically. "It is ridiculous, of course, quite ridiculous. Who could have wanted to poison poor Harriet? If it were not so terrible it would be almost laughable! But to subject us all to the horror of another inquest—really, doctor, don't you think you are letting yourself——"

"Mrs. Matthews, I must decline to discuss it with you. I was not attending your sister-in-law at the time of her death; I was not called in when she was first taken ill. I could not reconcile it with my conscience to sign a certificate under such circumstances. Now, if you will please go downstairs, both of you, I will lock this room up until the police come to take charge."

"You cannot have thought what this will mean to us," Mrs. Matthews said. "The scandal—so unnecessary, so dreadful for everybody concerned! You can't seriously think that anyone would dream of poisoning Harriet! Good heavens, what possible object could anyone have for doing such a thing?"

The doctor shrugged. "That is not a question for me, Mrs. Matthews. I can only tell you that I am very far from satisfied that Miss Matthews died a natural death."

Guy took his mother's arm. "Come downstairs, mother. It's no use arguing. If he's not satisfied, it's got to go to the police," he said.

She let him lead her out of the room and down the stairs; the doctor locked the door on the outside, and withdrew the key, and would have followed Mrs. Matthews at once had not Stella got up from the chair on the landing where all the time she had been sitting. She said: "Deryk, tell me. You don't really think that? I didn't come in, but I heard all you said. She can't have been poisoned!"

"I'm sorry," he answered in his professional voice. "But I can't help it, you know."

"If it hadn't been for uncle's death you'd never have suspected poison!" Stella said.

"The cases are not the same," he replied. "Your uncle was already suffering from heart-trouble. Miss Matthews, when last I was called in to attend her, had nothing wrong with her heart or her blood-pressure. If your uncle were alive today I should still consider Miss Matthews' death extraordinary."

"But, Deryk, Aunt Harriet! Who could want to kill her? Deryk, are you sure you aren't making a mistake?"

"Stella, I've told you I'm very sorry, but I can't help you. The matter must be reported to the coroner immediately. My duty is perfectly clear."

"But what are we going to do?" Stella said, wringing her hands together.

He said uncomfortably: "No one will think you had anything to do with it. Look here, I've got to go and report this. Try not to worry!" He added again: "I'm awfully sorry!" and hurried away downstairs.

Mrs. Matthews had gone into the library, and was sitting on the sofa there, one hand fidgeting nervously with the skirt of her frock, the other gripping her handkerchief. Guy had gone over to the window, and was looking out. He heard Dr. Fielding speak to Beecher in the hall, and then pick up the telephone-receiver, and he stole a glance at his mother. She did not seem to be attending; her mouth was folded tightly, her eyes were fixed on the opposite wall.

The doctor went away, and presently Beecher came in, looking pale and shocked. In a low voice, and keeping his eyes downcast, he wanted to know whether Mrs. Matthews desired her lunch.

She did not move or answer. Guy said: "Mother!"

She was recalled to her surroundings with a slight start, and looked blankly from Guy to the butler. "Lunch?" she repeated. "Oh! No, I don't think I could swallow anything. You and Stella go, dear."

"I don't want any either," said Guy. "And I don't suppose Stella does."

The butler bowed, and withdrew again. Mrs. Matthews dabbed at the corners of her eyes. "I don't seem able to realise it," she said. "Harriet gone! I shall miss her terribly."

Guy turned a shade paler, and said: "For goodness sake, mother, don't!"

"Of course, I know she was often very, very tiresome," Mrs. Matthews continued, "but one gets used to people, somehow. I can't imagine this house without her. I feel dreadfully upset."

"Mother, what's the use of talking like that? Don't you realise? The police will be here at any minute! What are we going to tell them?"

Mrs. Matthews looked at him in silence for a moment, and then said, more in her normal manner: "Dear boy, we shall tell them exactly what happened. We did everything we could, and you must remember that it is by no means proved that poor Harriet was poisoned. Personally I feel sure she had a stroke."

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4716707

Illustrated by FISCHER

"You can give me orders, Herr Kapitan," said the old lady, "but you cannot compel me to obey them."

THE SILVER CHATELAINE

Another story in the thrilling series, "Across The Frontier"

By Augustus Muir

WHEN Captain Nicol Raeburn (of the British Intelligence Service) heard the throb of a motor-engine in the darkness he crouched low in the canvas dinghy and listened.

Ten minutes ago, as he had put off from the submarine that had crept through the minefield to the Danish coast, the commander had warned him that an enemy launch might be patrolling the mouth of the fjord. The beat of that engine was ominous.

Raeburn slithered forward and lay down. There was nothing he could do, for the dinghy was caught in the full rush of the flood tide that was racing into the Thyras Fjord.

It was so black overhead that the shore was invisible, but presently a vague grey line hinted at sand dunes. He knew by the churning of the water and the lift of the boat that he was passing through the narrow sund.

The beat of the engine grew louder, with a rhythm that was slow and insistent; he was so close he could hear a guttural German tongue in the quiet night. And then he saw a moving shape.

The submarine commander had been right: it was a patrol launch. If the lookout man spotted a low blur on the hurrying waters, the records of an urgent mission would lie for ever uncompleted in a certain filing-cabinet in Whitehall. Raeburn checked the quick rasp of his breath; his mouth felt dry, and his pulses were racing faster than that engine-beat.

The sound of the guttural voice began to fade. He gripped the gunwale. The tide was sweeping him to safety! The engine was fainter now—it was out of earshot! Raeburn sat up. There was a clammy feeling at his collar: it had been too close a call to be pleasant.

By this time, he estimated, he must be well inside the fjord. It opened out to a bredning four miles wide, with an island ahead; and the tiny luminous compass strapped to his wrist gave him a bearing. He bent to his oars. Gorm Island was his destination, and presently he swung the dinghy round.

"I can make it now," he muttered.

The shore loomed up, and he felt the crush of shingle as he grounded. Pulling the featherweight craft out of the water, he hid the folded canvas and stretchers below an overhanging bank where the grass was thick. Then he climbed past a hut to a high point in the dunes and looked around.

A few lights sparkled on the shores of the fjord. He could hear the gurgle of the tide, but there was nothing to guide him.

He threaded his way through a belt of pine trees, past the squat round bulk of a tower, where a path wound through the undergrowth. And then, ahead of him, he saw the lighted window of a house. Quickening his pace he came to a high wall and an open gate. Some aromatic shrub in the garden flung abroad its fragrance as he groped for the bell.

A manservant opened the door. He was white-haired, elderly. One might have been in England until he spoke:

"Hvormed kan jeg tjene Dem, Hr.?"

"Fru Gyldenlove is expecting me." Raeburn replied in Danish, a tongue he had mastered as an attache at Copenhagen in '37.

He followed into a room beside the hall, and a few moments later he could hear the tap of light feet upon the tiles. The door opened: a girl entered and closed it quickly behind her.

"Nicol! I didn't expect you till Friday."

"It was too good a night to let the chance slip. Black as pitch, out there on the water."

"When do you go back?" asked Venetia Osmond.

"TO-MORROW night. The submarine will be waiting. Is General Svendsen on the island?"

"Yes, he's here—in this house. Oh, Nicol, he'll be wild with joy to get away. Think of it, one of the best brains in the Norwegian army. He knows northern Europe like a book, and would be of immense value to Britain in any new move they make. Yet he has been here in hiding from the day the Germans marched in."

"He was in Denmark on sick leave, wasn't he?"

She nodded. "Fru Gyldenlove is his aunt. But you probably know that. The German Intelligence people have been on his track—they were here three days ago asking questions."

"What about yourself?" he inquired quickly.

"I'm all right, Nicol. I'm supposed to be the old lady's paid companion. I got through into Denmark with a German nursing contingent—no trouble."

His relief showed in his eyes. "What is Fru Gyldenlove like?"

"Come and meet her," said Venetia Osmond.

"One moment. I've hidden the canvas dinghy along on the beach—it's near a hut. Quite safe?"

"Yes, till the morning."

She took him across the hall into a lofty room. The evening was chilly, and there was a fire in the porcelain stove. Beside it, in a great armchair, sat a white-haired woman. She was very old, but the first thing Raeburn noticed was the regal way she held her head and the erect poise of her body. He bowed over pale fingers.

"Welcome, Captain Raeburn!" She touched the arm of a chair at her side. "Sit here and tell me about your journey."

"There's so little to tell, Fru Gyldenlove. One submarine is uncomfortably like another. I hope to take General Svendsen away to-morrow night."

"Tell him that yourself," said the old lady, her eyes brightening. "Here he is."

A man of about fifty had entered. He was reddish fair, with a square jaw and high cheekbones; but his skin was pale, and his tweed clothes hung loosely upon him.

"I hope you're quite fit again, sir," said Raeburn as he gripped the firm fingers.

"Fit enough to fight," said Svendsen in his deep, sharp voice. "I shall always be in your debt for this, Captain Raeburn. When do we leave?"

"To-morrow night. We'll get through the narrows on the ebb tide, and the submarine will be waiting there."

"What are our chances?"

"Pretty good. There was a patrol launch at the entrance of the fjord to-night—that was the worst bit."

General Svendsen had turned aside to listen. "I think I can hear it now." He stepped over to the window. "No; that isn't a patrol launch—it's more like a speedboat coming down the fjord from the other direction."

Venetia Osmond had joined him, and her glance met Raeburn's. There was a long silence.

"It's at the jetty now," said Svendsen, an erect figure beside the curtain. "I can see a light." He went over to the old woman in the chair. "I hope you aren't going to be troubled by the Intelligence people again, my dear. I've been a danger to you these long weeks."

She touched his arm. "I'm proud of it, Arild. You know what to do." Her hand went to the silver chatelaine that hung from her waist.

Raeburn had noticed this chatelaine. From its jingling chains hung a silver assortment: a seal, a pair of scissors, a matchbox, a vinaigrette, a spectacle-case, a chain purse. It was from this purse that she pulled a slender key, which she held out to Venetia Osmond.

"Bring it back to me," she said quietly. "Hadn't you better go, too, Captain Raeburn, in case I'm to have visitors?"

Raeburn shook his head. "I'm prepared for that. It might be useful for me to meet them." He smiled. "With your permission, I am a relative of the Gyldenloves."

"Very good!" she assented quickly.

Venetia Osmond went out with General Svendsen, and Raeburn dropped into a chair beside his hostess.

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4716708

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

Spike kept his grim watch, not even daring to glance at the girl cowering against him.

ONLY ONE ANSWER

Dramatic Wartime Story

By George A. Chamberlain

THE two pursers were sitting in the back room of the Fontella in Havana, eating crabs.

"See the big chap at the bar?" said Jenkins, the younger one. "He's the image of the skipper of that freighter, the Dryad Hook."

"Why wouldn't he be?" said Ormond, purser-admiral of the banana fleet. "That's the skipper's kid brother, Spike Dilbow."

Jenkins' eyes opened wide. "Oh?" "Rings a bell, don't it?"

"Sort of. You always wonder how a man came to lose his master's rating."

"Too handy with a marlin spike," said Ormond. "That's where the nickname comes from. The seaman he hit didn't die, but Spike can't go home without taking his chance in court. He knows the islands and the islands know him. He can pick up money whenever he likes—only it sours in his pockets because he can't go home."

"With his looks and that build, he could rent himself out to a cruise," said Jenkins, forgetting what the war had done to some cruises. "He's a natural lady-killer."

"Spike is rough on men," said Ormond, mopping up the last of his butter sauce, "but easy on women. When they reach for a hawk and find themselves holding a cooing dove, they almost choke."

The pursers were offered a last cognac on the house. They drank it and rose.

As they departed through the side door, a dreamy-eyed young Cuban came in, crept close to Spike Dilbow and nudged his elbow. Spike looked down, none too pleased. "On your way, Beppo; I'm deaf in both ears."

"Listen, Spik," murmured Beppo, "it's good. It was good before the war started, now it is ten times more good. I can't ship it, I can't even ship myself. Only you can help. Only you, Spik."

Spike's eyes descended like drills into Beppo's upturned face. "Say, you little shrimp—those synchronised bombs that blew up the wire mains in seven places, that bomb off a roof that did for twelve marchers in the Fascist parade—were those yours?"

Beppo's frightened eyes fluttered back over each shoulder and his olive cheeks turned dusky red. "Yes," he breathed.

Spike spread an open hand over Beppo's face and gave him a push that sent him reeling all the way into the street. He strode out himself, his fists thrust into his trousers pockets as if to keep them out of further mischief.

Shirt open at the throat, white suit wrinkled and panama battered, he looked a beachcomber; yet scarcely a woman failed to pause as he passed, and to glance back at the spread of his shoulders.

Tourists were gone from the streets of Havana. Along the broad sidewalks of the Plaza the tables before the cafes were almost vacant. Spike sat in the sun and ordered brandy. He sipped his drink and stared out at the dusty drooping palms and the dispirited fountain. He was unhappy. Ships were being sunk right and left. Some hearts bleed for one thing, some for another. His bled for the sturdy craft that were going down amid the wreckage of every manly tradition of the sea.

An image of his brother rose before his eyes—Captain Daggert Dilbow of the Dryad Hook, as fine an older brother as ever lived. Dag had understood about the marlin spike.

There are times when safety of the greatest number transcends the written law, and that had been one of those times—not a life for a life, but the cracking of one thick skull that imperilled a hundred lives. Dag had stood by him, and wherever he went he would still be standing by.

Thank heaven the Dryad Hook faced only the honest dangers of storm, reef or a lee shore. She was a neutral ship, three days out of Havana and headed for a neutral port.

A FLURRY, starting at the upper end of the Plaza, moved down the broad sidewalk, and abruptly people sprang from nowhere to join the swirl. New York papers only a day old had arrived by air, and every man who could read English was buying one. As each broke away, he was followed by a group who watched his moving lips with eager eyes and waited for the crumbs of his speech.

Spike did not rise. He shouted so sharply at the first carrier that the newsboy turned at right angles and whipped out a copy of each of his papers.

Spike began to read. Nothing in the streamers interested him, it was all so like a story read and read again. Then his eyes collided with a minor headline:

MYSTERY SHIP, TORPEDOED BY SUB., SENDS S.O.S.

"Station WSD reported yesterday that at 4.15 p.m., Eastern Standard time, it intercepted the following S.O.S. from an unidentified ship: 'Torpedoed without warning by submarine off Orange Cay going down, dag—' In wireless code 'gg dwn' stands for going down, but there is no such symbol as 'dag'."

Spike sat quite still, ice in his veins instead of blood. Slowly the paper spread before him became a chart whose every shoal and current and rock and reach were known to him. His glassy eyes measured time and distance, and his heart turned over inside him.

No such symbol as 'dag'? Daggert Dilbow of the Dryad Hook—that's how the message would have ended. But they hadn't had time to finish, much less to launch a boat. They must be dead—Dag was dead!

No British or American craft would have done this murder, and no submarine yet invented can play around three thousand miles from home without a refuelling base. Where was that base?

Mentally Spike ticked the islands off one by one, then their bays, and finally their coves. Ideas zoomed through his brain like bees. Thousands of spots in the Bahamas had deep waters close to shore, but how many handled gas in tank-load lots? Only one city in the whole stretch, from Trinidad to Walker Cay, could pass out five thousand gallons at a whack and never have it noticed! That city was Havana, the city where he now sat mooning over the murder of his brother and doing nothing about it.

He rose, and started on a tour of all the wholesale dispensing agencies in the city. His approach to each was not through the office, but back where the truckdrivers loafed. He was a master of the indirect question, a method beloved by all Latins. Roads were bad. Was it true there was only one good road in all Cuba—the highway that split the island from Pinar del Rio to Santiago, five hundred miles away?

For an hour he fished in empty waters, but upon entering the del Monte district he came upon a huge tank truck still reeking with the grime of hard going. As its weary driver climbed down and headed for a bodega, Spike followed and soon found a chance to begin his spiel.

"Is it true there's only one good road in all of Cuba—"

"True?" The man spluttered in his scorn. "True as the shining sun and the blue sky. If you don't believe it, try turning off, try climbing the ditch that calls itself a road from the highway to Remedios."

Spike knew he had it. Why send a truck all the way to Remedios when a spur of the railway went there, too? He tried to keep his muscles from tensing under a quick, frightened flicker of the man's eyes. "I'm not interested in bad roads," he drawled, "only good ones. But I'm sick of the flat belt between Havana and Santiago."

He loafed out to the street, but as soon as he had rounded a corner he sprang into a cab and offered the driver double fare for a quick run to the quarter between the Concordia and the sea. For months Beppo had been a pest, always imploring him to get him and his pet torpedo invention into the United States, but now he needed Beppo.

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

The BUSINESS GIRL...

• Starched white pique brings a crisp accent to a trimly-tailored frock of brown crepe. Large pockets emphasise the hipline. The buttoned bodice is moulded to the figure and the skirt is slightly flared.

• Cool, frosty-green sharkskin with a bloused bodice and simple turned down collar of white starched linen. Notice the four unusual slit pockets.

• Deep, rich red tie silk for a simple frock which relies on the heavy stitching and odd pockets for fashion interest. A black suede belt encircles the waist.

• The suit that combines unwilted charm with impeccable style. Made of deep blue uncrushable linen, with long, fitted jacket, shallow pockets, and interesting drop shoulder-line. Again, white pique touches.

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THE NEW HATS . . . *Minute or outsize*

• Very Gay Ninety. A little draped felt toque in deep moss-green, with three ostrich plumes in blending colors mounted high and handsome.

• A shady halo-bonnet in finest navy straw, with the inside of the brim appliqued in beige grosgrain ribbon in futuristic design. This charmingly youthful style is the ideal foil for simple floral frocks.

• Inspired by the artist's beret with the gamin taken out, this formal-wear beret is in black velvet, and sweeps imperiously back from the face.

• Forward pillbox of black felt and grosgrain with small scrolls of black petersham ribbon falling down over the hair at the back like a lawyer's wig. By Aage Thaarup. (Left.)

ITS SECRET IS . . "Damp-set"

HOLLYWOOD and the movies were quick to use this *"damp-set"* idea. Now VELMOL makes it so easy — so simple — that you can *"damp-set"* your own Hair at home . . . yourself! A *"damp-set"* with VELMOL works on hair of any texture, any colour, on any wave. In just **four minutes**—with a few drops of VELMOL—you can set your own hair into deep, firm, lustrous waves or curls — just as you like them best! **First:** Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. **Next:** Moisten brush with VELMOL and brush through hair. **Now:** Arrange hair with fingers and comb — you'll be delighted with your deep, firm thrilling waves and curls that last for days — yet never "stiff" or "greasy." 2/- bottle — chemist or store. Ask for **Velmol.**

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EVENING SILHOUETTES

. . . slim or bouffant

Designs sent by Clipper from New York
Sketched by Petrov

INDIVIDUAL, hand-cut patterns are obtainable for all dresses and ensembles sketched by Petrov and Rene, and all overseas fashion photos. Prices from 2/6.

Send to our Pattern Department for a free self-measurement form.

• JACKET-FROCK with a billowy skirt flowing from the elongated hipline. Made of drifting white chiffon, jacketed and banded in gleaming gold lace.

• SHEATHLIKE frock of heavy, chalk-white silk crepe with an interesting apron-tunic, cut to reveal a pleated underskirt of red crepe to match the draped decolletage of the same red crepe.

• SWEATER-BODICE, moulded sleekly to the figure and made of black jersey edged with silver ribbon, tops a wide skirt of white slipper-satin, embroidered with huge ribbon flowers.

FEEL RUN DOWN SOME DAYS?

Feel run down, slack, no energy?
Have occasional headaches, find yourself sneezing?
Get twinges of pain in the back and aches in the legs?
All signs of constipation.
But you are perfectly "regular"? So are lots of people who, nevertheless, are constipated.
Elimination must be complete as well as regular. If it isn't, poisons remain, get into the bloodstream, sap your vigour.
A prescription widely recommended by doctors for this is Kruschen Salts. Doctors do not prescribe secret remedies or habit-forming drugs. Kruschen has their confidence because the analysis is on every bottle. And their medical knowledge tells them that Kruschen is basically and unalterably right for the condition to be relieved. There is nothing better, and nothing more to be known about constipation and its relief. In a word—

YOU'LL FEEL ALL THE BETTER FOR A PINCH OF

KRUSCHEN

Take Kruschen in tea or in hot water, as much as will cover a sixpence, every morning. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at Chemists and Stores.

K.11.1848

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4716712

Fashion PATTERNS

● Captivating and easy-to-make styles to see you smartly through summer.

☆

F1812—Slender little frock with high neckline and scalloped yoke. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3⅝yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F2388—Young play frock with pleated skirt and inset pockets. 6 to 12 years. Requires 3yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/1.

F1744—Trimly tailored bolero frock with contrasting vest. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3⅞yds., 36ins. wide, and ⅜yd. for vest. Pattern 1/7.

F2066—Engaging new coat with pouch pockets accenting its slim lines. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4⅜yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F1191—Sleekly tailored slip with uplift bustline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2⅞yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/4.

F3007—Exquisitely dainty nightie with shirred waistline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 6yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/10.

F3162—Simple shirtwaist frock with contrasting cummerbund. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and ⅜yd. contrast. Pattern 1/7.

Special Concession Patterns

THREE inspired new styles for the beach.

No. 1 requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 2 requires 2 5-8yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 3 requires 2 5-8yds. for blouse and shorts, and 1⅞ yds. for skirt, 36ins. wide.

☆

CONCESSION COUPON

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

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PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

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Please Note!

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and full address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children, state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

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MACKAY of BARDIA and his family

MRS. IVEN G. MACKAY, wife of Major-General Mackay.

MAJOR-GENERAL IVEN GIFFARD MACKAY, G.O.C. 6th Division, who led the A.I.F. to victory at Bardia.

General's wife and children were surfing when news of victory came through

"I am sure I share with all other wives great pride in what our husbands have done—and we also share the same anxiety," said Mrs. Mackay, the wife of Major-General Iven Giffard Mackay, leader of the A.I.F. units now famous for the victorious attack on Bardia.

"WE were surfing at Terrigal when the news of the Australian advance came through," said Mrs. Mackay.

"Some neighbors rushed down to the beach and called us out of the water.

"Then one of the valves in the radio broke down, so we drove full speed into Terrigal, and while it was being repaired listened-in on the shop radio."

With her son, on leave from camp, and her younger daughter, Mrs. Mackay was staying at her seaside cottage.

Mrs. Mackay is the daughter, wife, mother, and sister of soldiers.

Her father is Brigadier-General J. B. Meredith, who fought in the South African War and the Great War, and her only son, Lieut. Iven John Mackay, is in camp with the 8th Division, A.I.F.

Mrs. Mackay's brother, Capt. J. W. B. Meredith, is with the A.I.F. in Egypt, and her sister, Mrs. Muriel Mackay, is driving a casualty-clearing ambulance for the London County Council.

History has repeated itself in the Mackay family.

Mrs. Mackay was married at the beginning of the last war, just before her husband left for Gallipoli as Captain-Adjutant with the 4th Battalion.

Mrs. Mackay went to England, where she worked with the Red Cross Information Bureau. This war broke out on her wedding anniversary.

When this war began her eldest daughter, Jean, was married to Lieut. Bill Travers shortly before he left for the Middle East with the A.I.F.

She is now in Cairo, where she is working with British Imperial Airways.

Mrs. Mackay writes thousands of words a week in her letters to all her soldier relatives.

"I write at least two letters a week to my husband. He is a very good correspondent, too. But he never mentions the war in his letters. They are just letters to me. The only suggestion of war is the news he sends of any of our friends in the A.I.F. he may happen to see.

"I have become quite an expert on how many sheets of the different types of notepaper make up the weight of an airmail letter.

"My youngest daughter, Alison, who is ten, and my son also help to keep the family mail going.

"I would like to pay a tribute to the postal authorities for the way they are coping with mail under great difficulties. Our airmail letters arrive in ten or twelve days, and every parcel I have sent has arrived safely."

When they are not writing letters Mrs. Mackay and Alison are busy knitting 21in. socks for the General and other relatives and friends with the A.I.F. to wear with shorts, and assisting the Comforts Fund of Lieut. Iven Mackay's battalion.

On the day the A.I.F. took Bardia Mrs. Mackay went to the pictures with her daughter's mother-in-law, Mrs. J. Travers, to see "Forty Thousand Horsemen" and the Frank Hurley newsreel of the A.I.F.'s first battle with the Italians.

MRS. BILL TRAVERS, formerly Miss Jean Mackay, Major-General Mackay's elder daughter.

MISS ALISON MACKAY, ten-year-old daughter of Major-General Mackay.

LIEUTENANT IVEN JOHN MACKAY, of the A.I.F., only son of Major-General and Mrs. Mackay.

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An Editorial

JANUARY 18, 1941.

PRIDE IN OUR HEARTS

HARDLY had we the news that the men of the A.I.F. were in the Battle of Bardia than it became the Victory of Bardia.

Our soldiers in their baptism of fire covered themselves with glory. They came through the test magnificently, the old A.I.F. and the new merge; the battle honors of Bardia join the imperishable records of Gallipoli and France.

As the tides of battle reach our shore there is an enormous feeling of pride which flies like a banner above our anxieties.

The glorious outcome of Australia's trial by battle was even greater than we had hoped.

Our troops were the first to enter the Italian citadel which barred the way to Graziani skulking with the tattered remnants of his army at Tobruk.

Eight thousand Italians threw down their arms when these younger Anzacs struck their first blow for Empire.

These are comforting thoughts for mothers, wives and sweethearts of fighting men.

We know that our soldiers are trained to the minute, are splendidly equipped and nobly led.

To the casualties that will come we give the homage of tears, but pride must keep our chins up if we would march in the same spirit as our soldiers.

On the day the British flag lifted proudly over Bardia The Australian Women's Weekly picked this typical letter from its soldiers' mail:

"All this sickness I've had has taken it out of me a bit, but I'll be there when the whips crack and if anything happens don't be concerned too much, old pal. It's all in the game and it's the least a cove can do when there's so much at stake.

"We see pictures of Australia per the medium of newsreels, and when the views of the bush, women, and children come on I feel as though any sacrifice is worth the preservation of those we love."

This simple statement of a soldier clothes patriotism in a new splendor. Words crumble to impotence in the face of such devotion. That is the spirit of the men who invested Bardia. Is it any wonder the proud ramparts of Mussolini's African Empire rattled in the dust?

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

A.I.F. RAAF RAN

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

Lance-Corporal T. H. C. Hansen in England to his aunt, Mrs. F. W. Valentine, Pinnacle, Mackay, Qld.:

"WE arrived in England about midday one Sunday.

"I never thought I'd be lucky enough to be only about a foot away from the King.

"He must have been pleased, because after he looked us over he remarked, 'A fine lot.'

"By the time you get this we'll be putting a bit of a strain on old Hitler.

"I've never laughed so much in all my life as I did at one of my mates. He is always saying when a plane goes over, 'Has he got the rings on him?'

"This morning he came out with his hands in his pockets and was looking at the plane diving towards him—'One of our boys showing off nice and early to-day,' he said.

"When the machine-gun opened up and he saw the crosses on the plane—well, you should have seen him go into action."

✣ ✣ ✣

Captain H. A. Dean in Palestine to his mother, Mrs. F. E. Dean, Moolap, via Geelong, Vic.:

"YESTERDAY three Palestine police and I had lunch with a mukhtar.

"You sit around a great tub of rice, which is spread over stuffed chickens or pigeons, and just hoe in with your hands, tearing the poultry to pieces.

"Manners don't matter—you just throw the bones on the floor, to be picked up by the stray dogs or fowls.

"One is expected to smack one's lips as much as possible, and to belch loudly, to show that the meal is being enjoyed.

"This done, one gulps down mint tea to avoid complications. Then you smoke Arab cigarettes, which are quite good, although rather awful at first.

"I arranged for the C.O. to have lunch with a mukhtar. You would have smiled at the look on his face when I told him what it was like.

"Anyhow, he said he is game to try anything once. I don't know what he will think if he strikes sheep's eyes, or, better still, if one is thrust into his mouth by the filthy hand of a 'wog.'

"These eyes are not bad, but I drink plenty of their mint tea immediately after. This is good for indigestion—you should try it!"

Winnie the War Winner

"She wants 5/- on Jindabyne."

An Australian who is a sergeant with the B.E.F. to a friend in Lameroo, S.A.:

"WE are back in England after our tour of France.

"I received your letter O.K., the French address being right at the time, but it travelled far before reaching me. You see, I couldn't stop to pick up my mail at the time, as I was in rather a hurry to catch a boat for a home port.

"The film to which you referred, 'Gone With The Wind,' was to be shown here. Unfortunately, on Sunday night the hall went with the wind, so we did not get to see it.

"It would be great to be back in Aussie. I am longing to see the bright sunshine again and the wide open spaces have a special appeal. Here we seem to be herded together like sheep in a pen."

✣ ✣ ✣

An Australian Army nurse in England to her sister in E. Katanning, W.A.:

"AFTER landing safely we were billeted for two weeks near the Cotswolds.

"The country is really glorious, so fresh and green, and masses of beautiful trees, hedges and flowers everywhere.

"Save for a few planes hovering about one can scarcely comprehend that we are living more or less on the edge of a volcano.

"As far as one can tell the people are most unconcerned about the whole show, and it will take a great deal of hammering on the part of our friend over yonder to make much impression on them.

"Just now I have the pleasure of being with five other Australians on the staff of an English military hospital.

"Don't worry; we're all right—only hope you are as fit as I am."

A private in Palestine to his fiancee in Taree, N.S.W.:

"DURING a car tour the driver stopped at a large building, hopped out, and opened the door while yours truly placed his dainty foot upon the terrain.

"He informed us it was a hospital, and as everything is written up in Hebrew we took his word for it and went to look over it.

"We were taken into a reception-room where the taxi-driver and the matron indulged in a little Yiddish.

"On we went through rather small, cool wards, until I began to smell a rat.

"The patients were all women. But on, ever onward, in true British style we went, until the howl of sundry babies smote the air, and then a nurse brought a rather youthful nipper for us to look at.

"Yes, you've guessed it. We were looking over a maternity hospital. In the meantime, my blushes having got out of hand, I seized the driver by the ear and about-turned him for the entrance.

"Although a maternity hospital may be a heavenly spot for a woman, it is not exactly an ideal spot for a pair of sight-seeing soldiers."

✣ ✣ ✣

A gunner in Palestine to his wife in Randwick, N.S.W.:

"THE other day I was on guard on a road and an Arab rode past on his donkey with a veiled girl walking behind.

"When her husband wasn't looking she removed her veil and gave me quite a charming smile, but only just had time to put her veil back before he turned round.

"After they had passed she looked round several times, and I expected her to drop a card or something, but, alack-a-day, I was doomed to disappointment.

"Veiling the women I think is the result of a lot of thought by the female sex, and an angle that has been entirely overlooked by the women of Australia.

"The idea is, I think, twofold. Firstly, to excite a man's curiosity, and, secondly, the poor bloke doesn't know for certain what he is getting until the parson has pronounced the fatal words, or the equivalent in Arabic."

✣ ✣ ✣

A bombardier in Darwin to a friend in Warwick, Qld.:

"LAST week-end seven of us managed to secure an old 1930 model car and go out goose-shooting in the swamps about 20 miles from here.

"All that existed of the original model was the engine and four wheels, and a sort of wooden box arrangement had been attached.

"Of course, she boiled over long before we had gone half-way, and I only appreciate now looking back just how lucky we were to get back safely—we had so many narrow squeaks.

"We waded through the swamp, knee to waist deep in mud and water, for a couple of hours before dark, and again before sunrise next day. We managed to get 10 geese and two ducks with shotguns.

"If the wild geese are disturbed on the lagoons where they feed they rise up in thousands, the 'honkies' taking the lead.

"The only way to get through the tall reeds is to follow the tracks of the buffaloes, making sure not to meet them."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By WEP*

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A deep breath, a dive, AND S-P-L-A-S-H!

Ginger takes to the water like a parachute submarine

By GINGER (with Mal Verco giving first aid).

I've decided to tell you peasants just how to swim. In fact . . . if all goes well . . . I'm going to run a Ginger Learn-To-Swim week. Will you be in it? I mean the swim. Here are a few general principles on swimming.

NEVER swim on a full stomach. If you must have a plunge right after your lunch . . . swim on your back.

Diving, too (comma) should never be attempted on an empty stomach . . . or any stomach for that matter . . . the korrect way to dive is head first.

And see that there's some water underneath.

Now then. Directions for learning to swim. First (comma) take the LEG ACTION.

Lie down in the empty bath . . . and if that's a bit cold on your back put on another singlet. Now then.

Sort of hunch up your knees with your feet against the flat end of the bath and then suddenly straighten your legs. You'll crack your head against the other end . . . which is practice for surfboards and things.

Now for arm action. Clean up the mess in the bathroom, and go into the dining-room. Lie face downwards on the floor and try to throw away your hands and at the same time work your legs like you did in the bath.

Of course, you won't really be able to throw away your hands unless you've got VERY weak wrists. But you'll find yourself moving along the floor.

When your middle gets too hot to touch . . . turn over on your back. This is the backstroke.

When you can do all that I've told you you're pretty good. Then you can try it in the water.

First try it in two inches of water in the bath. Then three inches. And so on (full stop) When the water gets five or six feet deep you'd better learn to float (paragraph)

Floating. The best way to learn to float is to swallow a toy balloon and get a friend . . . a trusted friend . . . to blow it up inside you. That's all there is to know.

If you can do what I said and you STILL can't swim . . . write to me and I'll send you a pair of cork pants (paragraph)

Mal and diver prepare for rescue work.

Ginger demonstrates his parachute-diving technique.

Some "anekdoats"

AND now a few anekdoats on swimming.

The first time I ever heard of swimming was when my father told me Uncle Hiram had carried off all the trophies at the local carnival. He got six months for it.

Only recently I was doing some deep-sea swimming surrounded by a bevy of beautiful girls (what a loverly phrase). My eyes were closed, I floated lazily along, my whole body relaxed and content.

Suddenly a soft arm slid round my neck, another caressed my hair. "Stop, Ermintrude," I murmured, spitting out the sea water. It was too perfect to say anything else. She didn't answer, so I opened my eyes to see whether it was Gladys, perhaps. It was neither. It was a noctopus!

Lucky I had a knife with me. I sliced off a couple of legs, but he kept coming at me. I had cut off eight legs and was just going to cut off the ninth but realised it was my own.

The octopus was game to the last. He squirted me with ink, but I pulled out my fountain-pen and filled it.

The ink worried me at first, but I told the mob it was surf tan—but don't tell anybody.

And now a word of advice to girls going on the beach.

If swimming is not your long suit . . . for goodness sake wear a short suit.

The last girl I taught to swim learned quickly from me. She learned my last girl friend's name, that I had holes in my socks and also learned to a penny how much spending money I used to have before she met me.

There's nothing much else I can tell you about learning to swim. My directions should be ampel (full stop) If you stoops can't swim after studdying them then you're just a lot of poor fish (paragraph)

But I want to tell you that if you're good swimmers you can often get a good job out of it. Look at me. Only the other day I had a letter from Mussolini.

Musso writ: "Dear Ginger. We're putting all our swimmers in the Italian Navy, so they can swim for it when a British ship gets within a few miles. Can you come over right away to a good job . . . we want a new street-cleaner for Venice!"

Why is she so sure to Enjoy Her Holidays

SHE'S healthy, happy and delightfully attractive, and is certain to enjoy every minute of her holidays — and just because she takes her nightly Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system and daily eliminate all food-waste—thus clearing your complexion and keeping you healthy, happy and attractively slim.

You, too, can make sure of being at your best on your Summer Holidays if you start taking Bile Beans nightly.

SEASIDE or COUNTRY?

Wherever you go a complete change of air and diet is apt to upset you internally. A nightly dose of Bile Beans guards against all this.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable, and they can be taken with perfect safety by young and old alike.

BILE BEANS

Improve Your Health, Your Looks and Your Figure

Film Stars take this beauty Bath . . .

. . . it will keep your skin smooth and fragrant, too

Because Lux Toilet Soap is supercreamed—a special skin cream actually blended into each tablet—it has a wonderfully softening effect on the skin. A bath with Lux Toilet Soap gives you the charm of fragrant daintiness all over . . . and the new firmer tablet lasts much longer.

LUX TOILET SOAP

It's Supercreamed

A LEVER PRODUCT

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KIWI WHITE

Kiwi is the economy white cleaner! With Kiwi you buy all cleaner—not 50% water. Analysis shows there is not much more than a teaspoon of water in a whole tubeful of Kiwi—*and the rest is pure concentrated cleaner.* Keep your cricket gear looking first class—use only Kiwi White. It's easy to apply and won't rub off

KIWI WHITE IS SAFE ON EVERYTHING YOU WHITEN

ONE TUBE LASTS A SEASON

(COUNTRY SLIGHTLY HIGHER)

Keep the family well on

BOVRIL

Keep fit and you'll keep happy. By its unique power to stimulate the vital digestive process, Bovril helps you to get full benefit from your food, and so maintains your energy and strength at the highest level.

DRINK BOVRIL DAILY FOR HEALTH AND VITALITY

Only One Answer

Continued from page 8

HE dismissed the cab at the edge of the web of narrow streets and found one boy among a troop of beggars who knew where Beppo lived. The urchin dodged around the corners and into a blind gorge. At the fourth door he stopped. Spike thundered on the panel. The door flew open and he found himself face to face with an angry girl.

"Are these manners?" she cried. "What sort of house do you take this for?"

Spike dragged off his hat and held it crushed against his breast. The color rushed up through his sunburned neck into his cheeks. In spite of her black dress and the dark red rebozo that hooded her head, the girl was like a flame. Behind her stretched a narrow hallway that opened into a patio dripping with shade and the odor of unseen flowers.

"Pardon me, Senorita," said Spike in his purest Castilian, "I came only in search of a young man called Beppo."

"Spik," shouted a voice behind her, "Spik, you're here!" It was Beppo. "This is my sister Pita." He turned towards her and continued pleadingly: "Pita, the American, Captain Spike Dilboa, the only man in the world who can help me."

The girl drew back, permitting Spike to pass. Beppo led the way to a cavelike room, lighted only by a door opening on the patio and containing no article of furniture except a barrel mounted on a rough cradle. The end towards the light consisted of a trapdoor held in place by hinges and a padlock. Beppo took a key from his pocket and presently Spike was studying an extraordinary contraption held in place by a buckled cross-halter, and was listening to Beppo's still more startling explanation.

"It's my torpedo. At the other end there's a propeller on a master spring that can be wound by hand with a crank. It doesn't look like much of a torpedo, does it? But see these three flanges at the point? If you let go the halter and tipped the barrel, the instant any one of the flanges hit anything hard this part of Havana would go up in dust."

"What's new about that?" asked Spike roughly. "Where's the big secret?"

A fanatical gleam lit in Beppo's eyes. He took an iron nail from his pocket and approached it to the smooth nose of the torpedo just back of the flanges. While it was still an inch off the nail leaped and glued itself to the metal.

"Try to pull it off," whispered Beppo.

"I get you," said Spike, making no movement. "Magnetised, eh?" His eyes narrowed. "Perhaps you've got something—perhaps the thing might work. Lock it up and come outside. I want to talk to you."

A moment later he was saying: "So that's the bargain. If it does half what you claim, I'll not only land you in the United States, I'll take you all the way to Washington. But we try your idea out first on a job of my own."

"When?" asked Beppo.

"Now," said Spike. "As soon as I can bring my car around." He drew a thick roll from his pocket and peeled off a generous bill. "Get a sack," he ordered. "Buy bread, a sausage as big as your arm and throw in two dozen boxes of sardines. Never mind water—there'll be plenty in the boat's cask. What we need is food for half a dozen men for three days."

"Where do you think you're going," asked a tense voice at his shoulder, "you and Beppo?"

He turned to find himself looking into Pita's face. "Senorita," he said softly, "forgive me for breaking into your home, but believe me when I say I came on a matter of life or death. It happens also to be a matter only for men."

"There are no matters only for men," answered Pita, meeting his eyes steadily. "Beppo is all I have, and without me he is nothing. If he goes I also go."

Spike shrugged his shoulders, but not in acquiescence. At the street door he said to Beppo, "Handle her any way you like, but the minute I get back we take the torpedo and go. It is agreed?"

"Si, si, Spik, I'll be ready."

. . . . .

It took Spike almost an hour to get out his old touring car and check it for air, oil, gas and water. He went to his lodgings only to get his gun, an automatic that fitted the palm of his hand, and as he came out he saw the regular airport bus drop a package of papers at the kiosk on the corner.

He stopped to buy one, and before he could spread it over the driving wheel, he read:

TORPEDOED SHIP IS IDENTIFIED AS DRYAD HOOK; AIRMEN FIND NO WRECKAGE OR SURVIVORS.

This time he felt no sudden access of rage, only an inflowing of power and strength.

. . . . .

Only by much manipulation and the use of rollers and planks did he and Beppo manage to load the barrel containing the torpedo into the tonneau.

They went in for a last drink of cool water, and when they came out found Pita in the front seat.

Spike stopped short, but only for a second. Let her take what was coming. What did it matter? His road lay straight ahead and he wasn't going to swerve an inch or waste a minute for any girl. He and Beppo climbed in, one on each side of Pita, and presently he was heading up the coast.

A CHAIN was forming in his mind; many links were still missing, but already the line of the chain was taking direction. He knew that of all the native craft only the boat of Coco Grande could defy the sea and make the run to Remedios in any weather. The boat reeked of unrefined sugar, fish and green coffee, but it could carry out the mission for which he had chosen it.

Leaving the highway, they threaded the little port of Marianao without stopping, and turned left along a way that was little more than a footpath. Fortunately the tide was out, and when he had passed beyond the cluster of moored fishing boats Spike veered, the car plunged down the bank and after a furious spinning of the back wheels rolled out on the hard sand. He drove up the beach, skirted along a promontory and came to a stop with his left fender crushed against its outermost rock.

"Now you've done it," murmured Beppo. "You've said good-bye to your car."

"Not if you back her out before the tide turns," said Spike. "Here, let's ease the barrel off on the rock, then anybody can go who wants to."

"I'll help you," said Beppo, "but I'll stay."

They lifted the barrel to the edge of the tonneau and eased it off inch by inch. When it was perched on the rock, Spike climbed beside it and let his eyes sweep the indentation of a sharp cove. Coco's boat, the sail furled, was moored in deep water between an anchor and a jutting stone on the shore. He whistled, and five figures, prone in the sand on his left, stirred into life. Coco, burnt by the sun a deep brown, unlimbered his huge joints. He sat up lazily, looked towards Spike with bloodshot eyes, rose and shambled forward.

"Ola, Spik!"

"Ola, Coco," said Spike.

"You want me, yes?"

"I want to charter your boat," said Spike. "I've got an order to deliver a barrel of rum to a cruiser, and it has to be done on the sly and in the dark."

"You want boat without me?" asked Coco jeeringly, a slow grin beginning to stretch his mouth.

"Just as you like," said Spike coolly, "with or without."

"How much?"

"Five hundred pesos for the night."

Coco climbed near, let one long arm dangle across the barrel and, tapping its side, listened to the hollow sound. "Would the senorita accompany us?" he asked softly.

"I hope not," said Spike. "She got me the order for the rum—that's why she's here to see us start."

"If Beppo goes I go," said Pita, without turning her head.

"We'll all go," said Coco with silky smoothness. "Me and my men will take you wherever Spik says." His flickering eyes measured the girl and Beppo and Spike himself. "When do we start?"

"Now," said Spike.

They warped the boat as close to the reef as she could come, paying out on her anchor. Two men at each gunwale held her steady while Spike and Coco, standing up to their knees in water, lifted the barrel from the rock to the after deck, which was little more than a glorified bench. Spike climbed into the boat, and, rummaging around, found a big spanner with which he wedged the barrel in place. They all climbed into the boat.

"Engine or sail?" Coco asked.

"Sail," said Spike.

Coco barked an order and the lugsail rose with a rattle of hoops. The crew hauled up the anchor. The great sail fluttered and filled. Spike let the boat gain headway, luffed as soon as he was clear of the point and headed for the open sea.

At his feet sat Pita, her legs dangling over the edge of the deck. On the thwart beneath her, Beppo's round body teetered like an anchored balloon. Opposite Pita sat Coco, arms locked around his knees, swaying to the swaying of the boat, his shoulders grazing the cask of fuel oil and his eyes glued to Pita's face.

The half-naked bodies of the crew were stretched face down and seemed wrapped in stillness. But over that stillness and over Coco's silence hovered an aura of insolence that seemed to include the boat itself.

Please turn to page 18

WHAT'S *the* Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

1—Saturday this week—January 18—marks the anniversary of that memorable event in Australian history. Governor Phillip's arrival into

Sydney Cove — Broken Bay — Botany Bay — Port Jackson.

2—Can you give that well-known line which precedes

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven.

3—The colors of General de Gaulle's banner are

Red, white, and blue — red and blue with gold lettering — white with gold lettering — blue and gold — blue and white.

4—About the bloater and the herring— a bloater is

A small fish of the sardine family — a fish of the herring family — a cured herring.

5—Australia's troops are splendidly carrying on the tradition of the original A.I.F. The total number of Australian troops sent overseas in the Great War was

30,000 — 180,000 — 400,000 — 270,000 — 290,800 — 330,000.

6—A "puck" is used in the sport of

Polo — bowls — croquet — badminton — ice hockey.

7—Nowadays they call it Izmir, but it is still more familiar to most of us by its previous name of

Constantinople — Persia — Bagdad — Smyrna — Turkey in Europe.

8—The death occurred last month of M. Kallio, who was

A former Belgian Foreign Minister — Finland's wartime President — a former Prime Minister of Greece — one of Franco's generals — Rumanian Ambassador in London.

9—At a wedding the toast of the bridesmaids should be proposed by

The bridegroom — a relative or close friend of the bride — a relative or friend of the chief bridesmaid — the best man.

10—Talking of weddings, the one of Henry VIII's numerous wives who outlived him was

Anne of Cleves — Catherine of Aragon — Catherine Howard — Catherine Parr.

Answers on page 18.

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HE who laughs LASTS

"I told you not to wear a green dress during the grasshopper plague."

VISITOR: So that's a scarecrow. Does it really scare the crows?
FARMER: Does it? Why, lady, it scared one crow so badly he even brought back some corn he stole last year.

CUSTOMER: You give me short weight for my money.
GROCER: And look at the long wait you give me for mine.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Now isn't that silly? I never knew you needed two trees for a hammock!"

LADY: You will bring me back all right, won't you?
PILOT: Yes, Ma'am. I've never left anybody up there yet.

HERE'S a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho — double strength — from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. *Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.*

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as *this strength is sold under a guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.*

KINTHO [DOUBLE STRENGTH]

BRAINWAVES

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

A VERY keen young soldier applied himself to his duties so diligently that in three months he was made a lance-corporal.

Whereupon he wrote to his wife to tell her the great news, adding:

"It's my first promotion, but don't move to a larger house yet, and speak to the neighbors as usual."

"WHY is that woman so nice to the hotel clerk?"

"He's written 'suite 17' opposite her name in the register."

"I DON'T know anything worse than letting the wife find a letter you've forgotten to post," said one man, nervously turning out various pockets.

"Oh, I do," said the other.

"And what is it?"

"Letting her find one you forgot to burn."

"NOW," began the architect, "if you'll give me the general idea of the kind of house you need—"

"I want to have something," replied the husband, "to go with a door-knocker my wife brought home from Java."

MAGISTRATE: You say you lost control of your car?

Defendant: Yes, sir. I couldn't keep up with the instalments.

DOCTOR: You're too fat! Don't you ever take any exercise?

Patient: Oh, yes, doctor, I'm rolling my own cigarettes now.

FOR HAPPY FEET ALL SUMMER

RUB THEM NIGHTLY WITH

Zam-Buk

TO get the best out of these glorious Summer days you must especially look after your hard-worked feet. Just give them a regular rub-over with Zam-Buk Ointment and your feet will not give you the slightest trouble even during the hottest or most trying day.

First bathe your feet in warm water at bedtime. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Troublesome corns are softened and easily removed; blisters, soreness and chafing are healed; and ankles, joints, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Start now with Zam-Buk—it's a sure way to enjoy happy, healthy feet all Summer.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All chemists & stores.

Send HIM a Box in your next parcel.

Comfortable feet are essential for our soldiers. There is nothing so soothing as Zam-Buk for aching feet after a tiring march or a long day on duty. Put a box in your next parcel and he will thank you for your thought.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly

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New 3-second relief...

BURNING FEET

Foot secret of ancient desert tribes brings *you* relief in three short seconds!

WHEN your feet seem on fire, and swollen, aching tissues seem to burst your shoes . . . that's when you need **Frostene** . . . magic new foot creme containing frankincense and myrrh, those soothing, cooling healants used by ancient Eastern kings to heal foot tortures caused by fiery desert sands.

Just rub in this refreshing vanishing cream—in three seconds feel its penetrating antiseptic unguents sink deep into inflamed congested tissues, and start to draw out all the pain and fire. **Frostene** reduces swelling, stops the throb and ache.

All chemists sell greaseless, stainless, magic-acting **Frostene** in good-size tubes. Get some to-day . . . rub in night and morning, and enjoy foot comfort all through the longest summer day.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

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Does the war depress you, make you feel moody and depressed? If so, you need the tonic stimulant and pick-me-up of Cream of Yeast. A tablet or two taken with a glass of water will give miraculous results, pep you up, give you new "life" and vitality, overcome that nervous irritability. Make you feel better, look better, work better, too, because Cream of Yeast contains the active elements of live yeast, the recognised blood purifier and tonic. Fully guaranteed.

CREAM of YEAST

Sold everywhere, 1/3, 2/-, 3/6, and 5/9.

SPIKE'S nostrils quivered, and to control his shaking knees he crouched low between Coco and Pita. To his surprise she sank against his shoulder, as if welcoming any barrier against the long drilling of Coco's eyes. Spike took her hand and pressed it with a hard, steady pressure that left no doubt as to his message; he was telling her not to be afraid, not to worry. Her fingers trembled and then were still. With the Morro Light on their starboard beam and the rising red moon already beginning to flatten into silver, he spoke to Coco.

"Down sail and start your engine."

"Where to now?" asked Coco.

"To the break this side of Cayos Fragoso."

As though pricked by the same needle, Coco and all his crew sprang to life. They were like cats gathered for the spring, like sprinters set in their marks. As though lit by a lightning flash, an idea which had hovered vaguely in the back of Spike's mind became starkly clear. So this was their reaction when they guessed at his mysterious errand. Now he could guess why Coco, of late, had been throwing money around so freely.

Spike passed an arm around Pita and groped for the spanner under the barrel. Coco spoke softly, "Filomeo! Let him have it!"

Filomeo was crouched on the housing directly facing the stern. With a sweep as careless as though he were wiping his nose, his hand brushed his thigh and came out with a long-bladed knife. But before he could throw it Spike had hurled the spanner. There was a crunching of bone in a caving breast, the knife dropped and Filomeo pitched headlong into the cockpit. It all happened so quickly it seemed as casual as the chipping of a breakfast egg, and before Coco could come to his senses Spike drew his gun and tapped the deck with its butt, as if calling a meeting to order.

"Down sail and start your engine," he repeated, as though nothing had intervened. "Head for Remedios."

He was amazed at the coolness of his own voice, but puzzled by the light that flashed in Coco's eyes. He whispered, his lips drawn back from his teeth, "You wish to go to Remedios!"

He ordered the striking of the sail

Only One Answer

Continued from page 16

and started the engine with his own hands. It coughed, sputtered, then settled to a steady rhythm. Spike caught the tiller under one knee, dangling the gun over it in full sight. He missed Pita's pressure against his shoulder.

"Why did you draw away?" he asked. "Are you angry? What else could I have done?"

"I'm holding the barrel in its place," she said, her voice low in her throat. "I didn't draw away."

"Beppo," called Spike, "get the spanner. Put it back where it was."

Beppo crawled forward and, ignoring Filomeo's agonised moaning, recovered the spanner. He chocked it under the barrel, sank on the thwart and was sick. Pita swayed towards Spike, her teeth chattering.

"You're cold," he whispered. He ripped open his jacket, passed half of it around her and held her close. "Just use me for a stove, because we've got a long way to go."

She cowered against him. He could feel the warmth pouring out of him and presently pouring back redoubled. In an instant he felt welded to this strange girl at his side, knowing they could never be strangers again. Years together can hold a man and a woman apart, yet a single moment could do this to him. It had done it to her, too—

The answer is—

1—Botany Bay. (It was eight days later, January 26, that Phillip landed at Sydney Cove.)
2—The quality of mercy is not strained.
3—Red and blue with gold lettering.
4—A cured herring.
5—330,000.
6—Ice hockey.
7—Smyrna.
8—Finland's wartime President.
9—The bridegroom.
10—Catherine Parr.

Questions on page 16.

he knew it. They might part tomorrow, but as long as they lived this moment would know no death.

But he dared not look at her. His eyes flickered over Coco and the rest of the crew as incessantly as his right hand toyed with the gun. Hours passed, and the moon had started down the western sky before he pushed the tiller from him and headed for shore. Soon the breakers creamed in what looked like an unbroken line, and the boat rode into a region of thunderous billows. As it plunged, yawed and slapped its bows, he called for half-speed ahead, jammed the helm hard to port and followed a billowing lane of green water through the Boca de Antor.

"Well done," murmured Coco admiringly.

The boat crept under the lee of Fragoso. Coco rose and stretched, then dropped into the cockpit and leaned over Filomeo. He spoke to his men. They lifted Filomeo and propped him between them on the edge of the housing. Coco joined them. Facing the far shore and sitting with shoulders hunched, feet braced in the scuppers, they looked like vultures on a fence.

Spike studied them, his brows drawn in a troubled knot. Their murmuring voices were indistinct as the gurgle of water, yet carried a burden of menace. What were they up to?

The answer came to him as neatly as if he had added a sum; they were getting ready to jump. His hopes rose. He had thought he might have to cruise in the great lagoon for hours and perhaps for days, watching the deep channel entering from the east for the trail of a periscope, waiting like a cat at a mousehole. Now he sensed there would be no waiting and that Coco had known it all along.

His eyes spanned the strait, to where the brightly painted houses on the shore shone like mother-of-pearl, though not a light was showing. But nothing would happen here. It couldn't, because only beyond the escarpment of the Punta de Obispo did the bottom plunge to unknown depths. He steered for the other side, and no sooner had he rounded Obispo Point, hanging close under the sheer wall, than the boat gave a violent lurch. Coco and his men, sending before them a crashing four-throated yell, were gone . . .

With half-raised gun Spike stared at their splashing bodies, trying to figure out the play. They had sounded an alarm and now were scrambling desperately for the shore. How could they hope to climb that cliff? He looked up and caught the perpendicular line of a three-inch pipe clamped to the rock, and while his eyes were still raised there came a frenzied tapping, some guard above signalling in Morse along the pipe with a hammer.

He saw the whole thing in a flash. Oil and gas coming by truck to Remedios to flow through pipe and hose into the tanks of the submerged submarine! Coco, uncrowned king of the boatmen, bought over to guard the secret he couldn't help but know. Coco ready to see his own boat shelled in defence of that secret, sure of ample reward.

Deep down, only far enough offshore for safety, the U-boat was surely lying, and at this very instant men were rushing to their stations in answer to the hammered warning, the same men, beyond doubt, who had sent the Dryad Hook to her doom!

Spike swung the boat stern to shore in line with the pipe, and screamed to Beppo. But he couldn't wait for Beppo—already the boat must be over the vital spot. Snatching out the spanner, he ripped padlock from hasp on the barrel, opened the hinged hatch and unbuckled the halter. He twirled the barrel and by main strength tipped its contents nose down over the side.

"The propeller!" sobbed Beppo, staggering to his feet. "You forgot to crank the spring!"

"Oh, confound the propeller!" yelled Spike, reaching to kick the throttle wide open, "your torpedo will go down straight, won't it?"

As the boat leaped forward under the dull drive of the motor, there rose from its wake a muffled roar that seemed to open sea, earth and sky.

A huge wave lifted the boat, swung it broadside and sent it skittering like a shell across a pond. Out of the depths emerged a monstrous form, a dripping black behemoth. It wallowed like a wounded whale, then its funnelled bow shot into the air, towered high, swayed, bowed twice and sank with the rush of a pile driver.

Again there came a dull roar from far down, a reverberation more felt than heard, and a sudden slick of oil began to spread a still pool amid the angry waters.

Beppo was still sobbing as though he had forgotten to stop. Spike fought the helm through a tangle of swirling waves, listened to the mad racing of the propeller and felt it bite deep at last. He sat weakly on the edge of the deck and wiped the streaming sweat from his eyes. As soon as he could see, he set his course for the north.

His job was done. Perhaps Coco and his men had escaped, perhaps the boiling water had dashed them to pulp against the cliff. He wouldn't know which for years, perhaps never, because he wasn't coming back. But the submarine that had sent the Dryad Hook to the bottom hadn't escaped. It had asked for an answer and got it—the only answer.

Pita's arm crept around him, her cheek pressed hard against his shoulder. He took her hand and smoothed it gently. She raised her face and he kissed her lips. There wasn't anything to say after that kiss, no questions to ask, no explanations to offer.

"Where now?" she breathed.

"Key West," he murmured, "and Washington, and you."

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WEDNESDAY, January 15.—The Australian Women's Weekly Musical Programme.

THURSDAY, January 16.—*June Marsden—Vocational Guide for Children.*

FRIDAY, January 17.—Highlights from Opera — Patricia Morison.

SATURDAY, January 18.—Harmony Hotshots.

SUNDAY, January 19.—June Marsden — Astrology for the Business Folk — Gardening by the Stars. Special Forecast for 1941.

MONDAY, January 20.—Musical Mix-up—Patricia Morison.

TUESDAY, January 21.—June Marsden — Astrology for Women.

A cheap inferior spray won't kill mosquitoes—it only irritates them! Get back to Fly-Tox — a Fly-Tox sprayed mosquito is a dead mosquito! There's no gamble with Fly-Tox — Fly-Tox definitely kills all insects. Stop gambling with substitutes—get Fly-Tox every time!

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Found work for 200,000 women

MRS. BESSIE SIMMONS founded the women's section of the Labor Exchange in 1914. During her twenty-five years there she has acquired a vast knowledge of women workers and their problems.

CONDITIONS in all branches of women's work, from domestic work to all types of factory work, have been investigated and watched over by Mrs. Simmons and her staff.

Manageress of Labor Exchange reflects on twenty-six years' work

Mrs. Bessie Simmons, who recently retired from her position as manageress of the women's section of the Labor Exchange, helped 200,000 women find jobs during her 26 years' work with the Exchange.

The number of jobs for which Mrs. Simmons provided women workers has averaged 7500 a year. During the three depression years between 12,000 and 13,000 vacancies including relief work were filled each year.

THE Labor Exchange is that section of the Department of Labor devoted to placing men and women in employment, and Mrs. Simmons managed the Women's Exchange.

In the past twenty-six years she has seen an immense change in the scope of women's work. She retires at a time when an even wider field of employment is opening up for women in war industries.

Mrs. Simmons' brisk, business-like manner cannot hide her warm kindliness or the twinkle of humor in her grey eyes.

A country woman before she became manageress of the Labor Exchange, she has retained the homely friendliness that is typical of women who live away from cities.

"We opened the women's section of the Labor Exchange on April 26, 1914," said Mrs. Simmons. "In spite of all the problems and all the changes we have coped with, it seems only yesterday that I opened my little office—a rather frightened woman because I had never tackled a job like it before.

"The office was opened to eliminate the fees charged in other employment offices. Many women could not obtain work because they had no money for the fee charged.

"In those days most of the vacancies we filled were for domestic work, and the number of industrial and office jobs has increased gradually since the last war.

"One of our most successful tasks was the placing of English women migrants.

"Most of them had received free passages for their war services. It was a pleasure to work with them. Probably because of their war-time training they answered the calls like soldiers. There were 13,000 of them.

"A great many of these English girls later married and now they bring their daughters to us to place them in employment."

Having dealt with thousands of employers and domestic workers Mrs. Simmons has a first-hand knowledge of the domestic service problem.

"As long as I can remember there has been a dearth of domestic workers," Mrs. Simmons said.

"The status of domestic work rests in the girls' own hands. Calling her 'Lady help' and all sorts of other names does not improve her or her status. It depends on her own personal dignity and efficiency.

"An efficient domestic worker is such a treasure that no employer would be so foolish as to treat her unfairly. There are not many bad employers, though unfortunately some of them do exist.

"The trouble is that the 'lady of the house' is allowed the privilege of sometimes being nervy and very trying to everybody in her house, but her domestic worker is expected at all times to be patient, pleasant and helpful.

"Another difficulty is that both the employer and the domestic employee have their own ideas on how the work of a house should be done, and are convinced that their ideas are the right ones.

Vocational guidance

"GIRLS and women from 14 to 60 are eligible to belong to the Exchange.

"Many of our women, mostly daily workers, have been coming to us ever since our opening day in 1914. Though the age limit is 60, some of them are more than 70, and are still very fine workers.

"Miss Dorothy Perkins, who is now acting manager of the women's section, has done magnificent work as our vocational guidance expert.

"Since her appointment in 1934 many parents have brought their daughters to us for advice. Often a girl will want to do work for which she is unsuited, and our job is to find just what work will suit her best.

"We have also been able to change difficult problem daughters into sensible, efficient workers by finding jobs for them in which they can be happy and useful.

"The Labor Exchange never encourages its applicants to 'let their hair down.'

"We never listen to hard luck stories if we can help it," Mrs. Simmons explained.

"Self pity is bad for a woman's spirit. The best help we can give her is not to listen to her tale of woe, but to give her a job.

"A major part of the Exchange's work is carried out by its 32 suburban branches.

"The local officers keep in close touch with factories and business houses in the district. Girls who live in the district have first claims on employment available, so that they can be placed in work as near as possible to their homes and there is less fatigue and less expense for them in travelling to their work.

"In addition, inspectors from the Exchange are thoroughly conversant with the type of work in the different factories so that we can place girls in the work most suited for them," said Mrs. Simmons.

"For instance, we would avoid sending a nervous, highly-strung girl to a factory where there are very noisy machines.

"All sorts of problems crop up from time to time.

"I am vitally interested in the raising of the employment age because of the often harmful effect of factory work on girls' health and in the establishment of compulsory apprenticeship.

"At present many girls accept employment in unskilled rush work because the pay is high. They may change their employment so often that by the time they are 19 or 20 they are still unskilled workers and cannot compete for the higher award rates against skilled workers of their own age.

"Compulsory apprenticeship would make every girl a skilled worker and ensure her future employment.

"I would like to see more attention given to physical training and exercise. This would not only safeguard their health but add to their efficiency as industrial workers.

"And I would like to see more facilities made available for domestic training and more interest among the girls themselves in this sphere of women's work."

Mrs. Simmons was deeply moved when she talked of the staff of fourteen who have worked for her.

"No woman could have had a more loyal staff," she said. "Any success we have achieved is entirely due to them."

Mrs. Simmons is the mother of three sons and one daughter, and has five grandchildren.

The last task Mrs. Simmons carried out before retiring was to make a register of women who have volunteered for munition work.

"Two thousand women have applied to the exchange for work in munition factories," Mrs. Simmons said.

"Their ages range from 15 to 60. Many of them are English women who worked in munition factories during the last war.

"We have tabulated their qualifications and references so that we could immediately fill vacancies in munition works if we were asked to do so."

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VITA·BRITS

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THE MORNING, NOON & NIGHT CEREAL

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Cessnock: Coupon Gift Centre, Vincent St. **West Maitland:** Coupon Gift Centre, High St.
Parramatta: Coupon Gift Centre, Macquarie Street

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The Movie World

January 18, 1941 — The Australian Women's Weekly — 21

Jimmy & Olivia flying high

● Informal snapshot of Jimmy Stewart. His great hobby is flying, and he has his own plane.

☆

From **BARBARA BOURCHIER** in Hollywood

☆

● Olivia de Havilland is just as mum as Mr. Stewart about that long-awaited romance of theirs. She says it's the flying she likes in Jimmy's plane, not necessarily the pilot.

HOLLYWOOD reporters are going practically crazy keeping track of Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart.

The elusive Jimmy has shown more than a preference for Olivia for a while now, but since he started taking her joy rides in his private aeroplane, well!

It's a case of "cover the aerodromes" in case one day the trip turns out to be the long-awaited "elopement."

Jimmy's plane does only about 100 miles an hour, and it has a very low flying range.

But Hollywood thinks the range is great enough to take in any number of churches and registry offices.

When the pair took a trip to San Diego the Press trailed them all the way in case they slipped over the Mexican border for the ceremony.

Olivia and Jimmy just stopped for lunch and flew back.

The next trip took them to Nevada—again, just for the ride.

Rumor has them secretly married in every town within a 500-mile radius of Hollywood. They still deny all such stories, and say they just ride around for fun.

Olivia has been devoting all her spare time to flying lessons. She says she'll be ready to try her first solo flight any day, and puts a marked accent on the solo.

"Don't worry," the lanky Mr. Stewart tells the weary Press. "If I get married I'll tell you and everyone else about it."

Olivia's giving nothing away, but I can't help remembering that she objected strenuously and self-consciously when Warner Bros. wanted to star herself and Jimmy in "Three On a Honeymoon."

Warner Brothers aren't too happy about the flying side of Olivia's activities. They figure that as she was nearly drowned when horseback riding she can't afford to take risks.

Drowning incident was when she went for an early *morning* ride on a beach. The horse shied, Olivia was dragged along with head and shoulders under water. Luckily companions came to the rescue.

Not long ago Jimmy and Olivia were working in different pictures in adjacent studios; the gossips kept a wary eye for meetings.

Olivia took a cue from the comedy in which Jimmy made his Warner debut, "No Time for Comedy," and said there would be no time for romance, either

"Only time I could see Jimmy would be at lunch," she said, "and I always have lunch alone, always!"

Olivia, by the way, needs the sweet nature that she so often portrays in screen roles.

Reason? Well, just think of the beautiful ladies Jimmy is teamed with.

He has co-starred with Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn, Eleanor Powell, Margaret Sullavan, Carole Lombard, Joan Crawford, Jean Arthur, and Ginger Rogers.

Just now he is working with Hedy Lamarr in "Come Live With Me."

That just about covers the Hollywood field, except for Garbo. Olivia wouldn't need to be jealous.

One good thing is that marriage can't spoil Jimmy's box-office appeal.

It's to the maternal instinct that he makes the strongest appeal. He retains, in spite of his six feet odd, that lost, little-boy look that endears him to the heart of any maternally-minded woman.

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SHINES IN SOLOS

BUT SHORT OF *PARTNERS*

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odours that cause much bad breath. And, at the same time, Colgate's gentle polishing agent safely cleans the enamel — makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream — regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM!

6D. MEDIUM SIZE
LARGE 1/3 SIZE
GIANT 2/- SIZE
twice as much as 1/3 size

Listen in to "THE YOUTH SHOW" every Wednesday night at 8.30 on 2GB, 2CA, 2HR, 2GZ, 2NZ, 2WL, 2LM, 3AW, 3HA, 3SH, 3SR, 3TR, 5DN, 5RM, 6PR, 6TZ, 7BU, 7HO, 7QT, 7LA, 7DY, 4BH, 4RO, 4GR, and on 4AY at 8.45 p.m.

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North-West Mounted Police

• Gary Cooper plays a Texas Ranger in Paramount's technicolor adventure epic, "North West Mounted Police." The story is based on the Canadian Riel "rebellion" of 1885. Gary's Ranger is on the trail of an American murderer who fosters this Indian uprising.

• Cecil B. de Mille's lavish production casts Preston Foster and Robert Preston as North West Mounted Police who want to beat Gary to this renegade's capture. Winter scenes were filmed on location in Canada.

• Paulette Goddard, who is in contrast to the film's other feminine star, Madeleine Carroll, plays a character role—that of the treacherous half-breed, Louvette. This girl loves the weakling Robert Preston, but plots to annihilate the gallant Mounted Force. The comedy is handled by Lynne Overman (seen at left), who plays a scout at the wilderness outpost.

• Loved by Cooper and Foster, Madeleine Carroll, who plays Preston's sister, is the heroine of this story.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4716724

1 **JIMMY COLLINS** (Mickey Rooney) organises a swing band at Riverwood High School.

2 **RICH BARBARA MORGAN** (June Preisser) enters high school and vamps Jimmy, whose sweetheart is Mary (Judy Garland).

3 **BUT MARY** is still keen for Jimmy to enter the band in Paul Whiteman's Chicago contest, and they hold a dance to finance trip.

4 **JIMMY** breaks a band date to take Barbara to the County Fair.

5 **STILL LOYAL** to the band, Mary sees that Jimmy makes a success of benefit burlesque.

6 **AT BARBARA'S** coming-out party her father engages Paul Whiteman, who, impressed with youngsters' band, gives money to help them.

7 **WHITEMAN** also offers Jimmy a job, but his mother agrees he cannot desert band.

8 **BUT** Jimmy and Mary discover that a member of the band urgently needs an operation, and decide to sacrifice the band's entry money to pay for it.

Glossy, washable finish for cement paths and floors, and worn lino. 13 durable colours and Clear Varnish. Sold everywhere.

Manufactured by:
LEWIS BERGER & SONS (AUST.) PTY. LIMITED.
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. (AUST.) PTY. LTD.
ROGERS PAINT & VARNISH COMPANY.

Mickey and Judy in . .

"STRIKE up the BAND"

From BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

MICKEY ROONEY turns swing-band conductor in the MGM musical, "Strike Up the Band."

He is co-starred with Judy Garland in this high-school musicale, which features also Paul Whiteman and his band.

Mickey and Judy have some extra special song-and-dance numbers, and one of the highlights is a Gay 'Nineties travesty put on by the school, in which Mickey rescues Judy from the wicked squire.

Eighteen-year-old Judy has just followed Mickey into the big money, with a new seven-year contract from MGM.

She is now earning four times as much as under her former three-year contract, which brings her round the £30,000 a year mark.

UNSURPASSED

For the Care of the Hands ● As a Powder Base ● For use in the Nursery ● For soothing and refreshing the Skin ● For men before and after Shaving.

1/1

Economy Size Double Quantity. 1/9

The Lotion in the Round Bottle with Orange Label

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

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The loveliest Girls ARE AMAMI GIRLS

A regular shampoo with Amami is a wonderful luxury—yet so inexpensive. After an Amami Shampoo notice how fresh and clean your scalp feels; how gloriously your hair shines; how marvellously easy it is to set. No wonder millions of lovely girls use Amami! Brunettes should use Amami No.1. Blondes, Amami No.5.

Friday night is AMAMI night

★ AMAMI ★ LUXURY SHAMPOOS

Obtainable everywhere

Try the New AMAMI BRILLIANTINE
To give your hair the new, fashionable, polished appearance simply use Amami Brilliantine.

STOP GETTING UP NIGHTS!

Don't get up night after night because of lack of control over the urine. When your rest is interrupted, you are tired and worn out on arising in the morning—totally unfit for the day's work. If you get up at night due to frequent, scanty passages with burning and discomfort, your kidneys and bladder need help.

The longer you have suffered from these symptoms of kidney and bladder trouble, the more you owe it to your health to heed the warnings and take immediate steps to correct the cause of sleepless nights and days of misery, discomfort and inconvenience. When the kidneys do not function properly, waste matter and poisonous acids stay in the blood. In addition to causing frequent scanty passages, you may have backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, leg pains, swollen feet and ankles, dizziness, puffiness under the eyes and excess uric acid.

Don't delay! Neglect is dangerous. Take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. They strengthen and regulate the kidneys and bladder, banish pain and aid in ridding the system of harmful wastes and acid poisons. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS to-day.

Germolene

SKIN OINTMENT

BANISHED BABY'S ECZEMA

Germolene skin healing magic scores another triumph! Irritating Eczema, tormented this baby. Soothing *Germolene* healed it without a trace! Wonderful *Germolene*. Soothing at a touch. Danger-arresting—soreness-allaying *Germolene*. Let it heal YOU.

Read this Letter!
"As a mother who has found such wonderful results from the use of your *Germolene* I feel I ought to express my gratitude. My little son at the age of two months was terribly troubled with Eczema which tormented his life and mine night and day. After trying various remedies without success, *Germolene* has entirely cured the complaint. He is now a perfect little chap at the age of 2½ years.
Mrs. L. P.

The World's Quickest Healer of ULCERS BAD LEG PIMPLES CUTS BURNS PILES WOUNDS

From All Chemists & Stores. Prices 1/6 & 3/6. Agents: W. F. Kitchen (Aust.) (Pty.) Ltd., 300/304 William Street, Melbourne

PRIVATE VIEWS

• By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer •

★ MOON OVER BURMA

(Week's Best Release.)

Dorothy Lamour, Robert Preston, Preston Foster. (Paramount.)

DOROTHY LAMOUR is set once more in the tropics, but not in a sarong role.

She's a stranded American show-girl in Rangoon, and wears for the first time her newly-cut hair, in a long bob.

Lamour fans will like the new hair style, also a snappy song number, "Mexican Magic," and another in sentimental vein, "Moon Over Burma."

She's the centre of a triangle on a Burma teak estate, with a treacherous overseer, elephants, cobras, forest fire, and log jammed river thrown in for good measure.

Robert Preston and Preston Foster play the two men, both working for Albert Basserman, blind owner of the teak estate.

Doris Nolan is the blonde daughter of the Rangoon teak magnate who organises the treacherous overseer. She is also in love with Foster.

Basserman, in a sentimental role, does good work. Otherwise it's a routine tropic melodrama.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ ALL GIRLS ARE ALIKE

Wayne Morris, Virginia Dale. (Paramount.)

THIS college comedy with its inevitable football finale is lifted from that outworn rut by Wayne Morris' dual role.

Morris plays twin brothers—Jimmy, the serious, shy student, and Bill, self-confident, roistering footballer.

Bill pays an unheralded visit to the college where Jimmy is a student. He runs up gambling debts at the town nightclub, but happens to kick a football when passing the practice ground.

Jimmy, debited with debts, is penniless, decides to leave. But, credited with football incident, is persuaded to stay in college on football scholarship.

Jimmy and Bill establish college hideout. Jimmy does the class work, Bill plays the football.

It's all slight and farcical, but it moves fast and is funny in spots. Lillian Cornell, a good-looking brunette newcomer, sings two songs pleasingly, and there are some entertaining flashes of Alan Mowbray as an absent-minded professor.—Prince Edward; showing.

THE APE

Boris Karloff. (Monogram.)

EITHER you're a Boris Karloff fan or you're not. If you don't like "horror" films nothing will drag you to the theatre; if you do, nothing will keep you away.

In "The Ape" Karloff is once more a doctor.

Trying to find a cure for a type of paralysis, he wants spinal fluid as a serum. So he sets about bumping off people who don't deserve to live.

As this even in Karloff pictures is a habit not viewed kindly by society, he masquerades as an ape.

Maris Wrixon, as a paralysis sufferer, spends most of the time in a wheel chair. It is she whom the doctor has chosen for his experiment. Glimpses of her provide a minor relief from the general gloom of the film, but it is still pretty boring.—Capitol; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Shows Still Running

★★★ The Great Dictator. Charlie Chaplin in superb satire on Hitler. Plaza, 4th week.

★★★ **The Thief of Bagdad.** Conrad Veidt, Sabu in spectacular Arabian Nights fantasy. Regent, 4th week.

★★★ **North-West Passage.** Spencer Tracy, Robert Young in stirring adventure-drama. St. James, 3rd week.

★★★ **40,000 Horsemen.** Grant Taylor, Betty Bryant in magnificent Australian adventure of the Light Horse. Mayfair, 3rd week.

★★ **Pride and Prejudice.** Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier in sparkling comedy. Liberty, 3rd week.

★★ **They Knew What They Wanted.** Carole Lombard, Charles Laughton in good, strictly adult drama. Century, 3rd week.

★★ **Spring Parade.** Deanna Durbin, Robert Cummings in attractive musical romance. State, 5th week.

★★ **The Blue Bird.** Shirley Temple in picturesque fantasy for children. Embassy, 5th week.

Here's hot news from all the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

ON January 2 Bette Davis married Arthur Farnsworth at the home of friends in Arizona. Farnsworth, who is 34, knew Bette, who is 32, when she was a child in Lowell, Massachusetts. He also knew her first husband, Harmon Nelson, who divorced Bette in December, 1939.

This news is a great surprise to Hollywood, which thought that Bette would marry publicity man Bob Taplinger or George Brent.

★ ★ ★

EDWARD G. ROBINSON'S next film will be a comedy about a film actor who has played gangster roles for so long that he has a mental lapse and really thinks he is a killer.

★ ★ ★

AT the preview of her picture, "Comrade X," Hedy Lamarr wore black velvet hostess slacks, a high-necked black blouse, and a long red-fox fur coat. Janet Gaynor and her husband, Adrian, accompanied her.

★ ★ ★

MADELEINE CARROLL is making personal appearances all over the country to raise money for British relief.

★ ★ ★

JOAN BLONDELL has started a little sideline for herself. She is sponsoring a line of cosmetics.

★ ★ ★

DEMURE Olivia de Havilland can give such a good imitation of a barking dog that bystanders are frightened.

★ ★ ★

DEANNA DURBIN has the strongest supporting cast to date for her new picture, "Nice Girl." Franchot Tone and Robert Stack will be her leading men. This is Bob's first appearance with Deanna since they played together in "First Love."

★ ★ ★

PAULETTE GODDARD presented director Anatole Litvak with a beautiful gold mesh cigarette case.

In spite of the fact that these two have been seeing a great deal of each other, Anatole has declared his intention of going to England to make his home there. This is surprising to everyone, particularly since he is highly respected in the profession as a director.

★ ★ ★

JANE WITHERS has had her first unchaperoned date. The hero of the momentous occasion was George Marshall, jun.

★ ★ ★

IN her next picture, "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," Carole Lombard will have 21 changes of costume. Her lavish wardrobe will make up for the drab costumes she has been wearing in her recent pictures.

The most heavenly creation of them all, a black taffeta with white stripes, has been copied four times. This is because the dress is damaged on four different occasions, and each time Carole gets a brand new replica.

★ ★ ★

TONY MARTIN'S engagement in a Cincinnati night-club did not serve to separate him from his heart-throb of the moment, Lana Turner. Lana went right along with him to Cincinnati and returned with him after his engagement.

★ ★ ★

JEAN ARTHUR keeps her weight down by fencing.

SCREEN ODDITIES ☆ By CHARLES BRUNO

On Active Service

EVEN in the best regulated home some incident similar to this one might happen, which all goes to prove how essential it is for you to select the most suitable fabrics—at the right price. MARSHALL FABRICS are known everywhere for their dependability and wear—for RIGHT PRICE AND STYLE, and that, of course, applies for both the fashion and furnishing ranges of MARSHALL FABRICS.

Remember the name, it's the password to a sound purchase—to absolute satisfaction.

Marshall Fabrics

Proprietors: D. MARSHALL & CO. LTD., 17 Minshull Street, Manchester, England. 30/38 Old Change, London, E.C.4.

SUFFERERS FROM

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

should give "Vanix" the opportunity to do for them what it has done for thousands of others.

"VANIX"

a product of The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co., is a scientific discovery of Paul Van Schuyler, which firstly devitalises and then destroys the hairs. It has no detrimental effect on the skin, and is simple and pleasant to use. "VANIX" is priced at 5/9 a bottle (6/1 posted) from Hallam Pty., Ltd., 310 George St., Sydney, and all 12 Branches; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Lit. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 230 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 53 Rundle St., Adelaide.

EYES BURN?

Don't suffer from eye-strain due to dust, wind, sun, driving, close work. Two drops of *Murine* refresh your eyes — wash away irritation far more effectively. Use *Murine* daily to make eyes feel clean, fresh. Your Chemist recommends *Murine* ... 3/- a bottle.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Itchy
SKIN RASH
disappears

READ HOW THIS COOL SOOTHING OINTMENT RELIEVED A WOMAN'S SKIN TROUBLE AFTER TRYING COUNTLESS REMEDIES IN VAIN.

"About a month ago my skin broke out in a rash and was that itchy and sore I did not know what to do. I tried countless things of no avail. Then I rubbed Rexona well into my face and you would not believe the relief I felt. Now after two tins of Rexona my skin has not a blemish on it." (Miss. N. Killingly, Adamstown, Newcastle).

No matter what you have tried without success for that humiliating skin trouble—just try Rexona Ointment once. The healing properties in this King of Ointments will soothe the itch and will wipe away the ugly red rash as if by magic, leaving your skin smooth and clear. Rexona Ointment has behind it a record of 25 years of proved success throughout Australasia.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE. NOW!

REXONA MEDICATED SOAP
9d. per tablet. (City and Suburbs).
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"Danced off to the wars"

"Cobbers" Wood writes new book

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent has written a letter to Lady Gowrie, president of the Australian Red Cross, as foreword to Dr. Thomas Wood's book, "Cobbers Campaigning."

Profits and royalties from the sale of the book will be given to the Australian Red Cross.

I can think of no more fitting way of expressing Australia's great contribution than by giving a book about Australia to the Red Cross.
Yours very sincerely
Marina

THE Duchess of Kent's letter to Lady Gowrie is used as a foreword to Dr. Wood's "Cobbers Campaigning."

DR. WOOD, who made a host of Australian friends with his first book, "Cobbers," recalls his travels here and in Canada, and the impressions that have remained of the two countries and their people.

He writes of the friends he made in Australia and Canada who "threw away safe living and danced off to the wars."

"R. G. Milton, 22, on Spring Creek station, in the Kimberleys, was on the trail within an hour of hearing that war had started. He walked to Wyndham—140 miles—in three and a half days, living on lizards and wild gooseberries.

"Constable Joseph Sampson, of the Northern Territory Police, chartered a plane from his headquarters near Lake Nash—look at the map—to Cloncurry, and flew on by service plane to Brisbane in order to enlist the quicker. The bill for all this ardor was £42/15/-. He paid it.

"C. L. Terry, 24, was working at Fink, near the South Australian border, when he got the news.

"He jumped the rattler for one hundred and forty miles to Alice Springs; rode on motor trucks and the mail lorry for the next six hundred and fifty miles to Birdum, and jumped the rattler for the next three hundred miles to Darwin.

"G. Williams, 33, a gold prospector, joined him at Tennant Creek, after walking for more than a hundred miles. The mailman shouted that the war was on as he drove by.

"Les Cameron landed in Port Hedland some years ago, 'stone motherless broke.'

"He saved enough to buy himself a car and a rifle and made a living by shooting kangaroos, which are a pest on some of the stations in the outback.

"One day Les turned up in Port Hedland and exchanged his skins for a steamer ticket to Perth.

"A few weeks later his agent in Port Hedland was instructed to hand over the rifle and the car to a purchaser. Les was off to shoot worse pests than kangaroos.

"Best of all I like the story of the two brothers at Noojee.

"It brings right into your home the whole spirit of the outback and the bush, and from no other land throughout the world could it come except Australia.

"Mum and Dad had to be looked after. They were getting on in years. But there was a war going.

"Someone had to keep an eye on the old folks; both brothers wanted a crack at that war.

"So they turned to their axes. This is what they settled. They would fell a couple of trees. The one who got his tree down first could join up right away.

"The other must stay at home for 12 months. Then, if the war was still on hand, he was free to go as well. They set to work. The taller brother lost. The shorter brother won. Off he went."

Dr. Wood quotes a letter from Tony Outset, a French-Canadian he met in Alaska, who arrived in England with the first Canadian Division.

". . . I have discovered some good silver and gold bearing rock myself, but did not have time to work its finds to any extent to see just how much there was.

"I spent ten years looking for it and just as I was getting on my feet O.K. this darned old war had to break out.

"I wish we had Hitler and his gang down north where we could pick them off like bears through the willows."

"Cobbers Campaigning," by Thomas Wood. (Angus and Robertson). Our copy from the publishers.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT, who is working with several women's wartime organisations, including the St. John Ambulance, of which she is Lady Superintendent-in-Chief for Wales.

'women are realists'

—says Andre Maurois, author of "The Art of Living."

Are YOU a realist when you look for value in a foundation garment?

Illustrated: Satin Wrap-on: raised diaphragm control, 14/11

Well, doesn't it seem logical

that Australia's largest makers of foundation garments, with Offices in London and New York to keep them ahead of fashion, Branches throughout Australia in constant touch with the needs of Australian women, unequalled resources for design and manufacture and *the only True-to-Type system of fitting*—MUST offer you a better foundation garment at whatever price you pay? *Every Berlei is guaranteed.*

DON'T GAMBLE WITH YOUR FIGURE—CHOOSE A BERLEI—THE FOUNDATION OF BEAUTY

16-27-41

SOUR STOMACH

WHEN every meal is followed by pain, discomfort or heartburn . . . when you can't bear the thought of food and you act like a bear with a sore head . . . blame sour, acid stomach! But there's no need to sit down and "take it!"

You can get rid of that pain and discomfort—how quickly depends on how soon you take a dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder! This quick-action remedy works wonders with a sour stomach. Try just one dose and, in a few minutes, feel the relief as burning acid is killed and the sour stomach sweetened. A few moments later you'll be wanting to know—what's for dinner?

Why does De Witt's Antacid Powder work so quickly? Simply because it does three things. Firstly, De Witt's Antacid Powder *neutralises* excess acid. Then it *soothes and protects* the inflamed stomach lining—without in any way interfering with normal digestion. Finally, it *helps digest* your food, so that the weakened stomach has less work to do. Sounds simple, doesn't it? But only De Witt's Antacid Powder can give this amazing benefit.

Get the sky-blue canister of De Witt's Antacid Powder to-day—and do not worry any more about indigestion, flatulence, heartburn or sour, acid stomach. Regain the pleasure of eating just what you like and of enjoying every meal.

Approval No. 171

DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER

End stomach troubles now and eat what you like. Get your sky-blue canister to-day!

large sky-blue canisters,

Unequalled for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Gastritis and Flatulence. Prices (including Sales Tax) 2/7½. Giant size, 4/8

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On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

● THEIR TOAST is Bardia victory... Lady Blamey and Mrs. Ivan G. Mackay celebrate A.I.F. success in Libya when dining at Prince's.

● CAMERA catches Beatrice McGirr all caught up with bridal veil talk . . . she weds Tom Bateman on January 30.

● PALE BLUE TURBAN to match her frock is worn by Melbourne visitor June Norris when dancing at Prince's with American ship's doctor Billy Bones.

● SUN-TANNED Leila Gorey, of Leeton, delivers smashing service to opponent during Country Week Tennis Carnival.

Cupid gets busy . . .

BUSIEST person in town this New Year seems to be old Cupid . . . engagements and weddings are most-discussed events—except, of course, Bardia and Tobruk.

Lovely engagement rings and lots of good wishes for Bea Gordon, Helen Grahame, of Suva, and Barbara Dare . . . three of the most attractive girls in Sydney. Barbara is given a diamond solitaire by Russell Catts. Helen wears a square-cut diamond from Derick Downes, of the R.A.A.F., and the Aston (Camden) Downes'.

Three days after Helen announces her engagement she celebrates coming-of-age at cocktail party given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Grahame, at Mosman. Party originally arranged as birthday party but it turns into double celebration, some of the guests coming on after Phillips-Onslow nuptials.

An Onslow weds . . .

A SINGLE sapphire is Len Bligh's gift to Beatrice Gordon, daughter of the Jim Gordons, of Bungendore. This is third romance in Gordon family within four months . . . weddings of son Jim, daughter Philippa, and now Bea.

Plenty of congratulations for Bea and Len on Saturday at wedding of Bea's cousin, Faith Onslow, with Englishman Ivan Lloyd Phillips. Quite an event in Macarthur Onslow family . . . first wedding for six years or so. Seems a pity celebrations shorn of all that feudal glory which surrounds a Macarthur Onslow wedding at Camden, but Faith makes a lovely bride at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

Tamworth bride . . .

MEET Mavis Fitzpatrick dashing off to Central Station to collect her sister Betty arriving from Tamworth. Betty will be bridesmaid this Wednesday, when Mavis weds Archie Hall at St. Mary's Cathedral.

Full bridal array for Mavis, and as "something old" she will carry lace handkerchief lent by Mrs. Don Gray. Bride-elect is daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Fitzpatrick, of Tamworth. Her fiance, who is awaiting R.A.A.F. call-up, is from Avoca, Talmalmo—fifty miles from Albury.

They catch the eye . . .

RUFFLE of white organza worn as headgear by Betty Church at cocktail hour . . . made it herself . . . Mrs. Geoff Gregory's tiny black toque flanked with posies of pink roses . . . Mrs. Howard Giblin's "barber-pole" doll's hat of red-and-white chiffon . . . Roslyn Dangar's rough straw pink hat, row of blue flowers in front with stems reaching skywards . . . bright gold straw cocktail hat topped with wine flowers by Mrs. Randolph Kidder . . . Lesley Turner wearing real hydrangeas instead of a hat.

Interstate news . . .

NANCY GENT, who spent four years as bio-chemist at Prince Alfred Hospital, has announced engagement in Melbourne to John Oppenheim, also a chemist. Nancy now doing her bit at Maribyrnong . . . munitions.

Melbourne visitors to Sydney are Rosemary Wright and her father, Colonel Wright.

The newly-wed Flight-Lieut. and Mrs. Charles Forrester, just married in Victoria, will make first home at Toronto.

Country comes to town . .

EVERY court at White City filled with dashing white figures when I drop in at N.S.W.L.T.A. It's Country Week tennis in full swing. Mr. (general secretary) Henry Marsh, the man who makes himself heard all over Rushcutters Bay through the clubhouse microphone, tells me it's a small carnival this year. Only mere 300 in action.

All the way from Albury have come Betty Griffiths and Jeannette Gill. Spy them in clubhouse combating humidity with long, cool drinks.

Dubbo players Ruth Payne, Joan Whitely, Ethel Smith, and June Theobald, whose mother, Mrs. C. Theobald, is among spectators. Meet fair-haired Gwen Carnell, of Queanbeyan, mopping her brow after strenuous match against Dungog.

After watching the Gorey sisters, Leila and Doris, for a while it's obvious that Leeton produces good tennis players as well as fruit.

To and fro . . .

JEAN NALL is at Cowra, staying at Cowra Hotel, which is brimful of soldiers' wives and mothers . . . Jean's fiance, Lieut. Max Palmer, is in camp there.

It's fishing and surfing on the South Coast for Aline Edwards . . . accompanying the Irwin Maple Browns.

Mrs. Jim Gibb is in town from Cootamundra . . . staying at the Carlton.

Bridesmaids increase . . .

TO St. Philip's, Church Hill, to hear pretty Meg Fowler Smith say "I will" to Frank Aria. Lots of country folk come to city for same reason . . . from Meg's home town, Dungog. Mr. and Mrs. Dick Abbott and the recently-wed Max Borthwicks; the Alan Kirkwoods, from Maitland; the Campbell Alstons, from Coonabarabran.

Surprised to see Meg attended by small sister Bubbles, as well as second sister Austrelle. It seems that Bubbles was so disappointed when told she wasn't a flower girl that bride at last minute says "Oh, all right, I'll have two bridesmaids."

Do you know? . . .

PEGGY HESS takes with her round town an engaging little velvet man —a toy one, her first present after she announced engagement. This Saturday after whirlwind courtship Peggy weds Squadron-Leader Basil Osborne Cannon, R.A.F. . . "Pop" to his friends.

Mrs. John Taylor, the former Elizabeth Downes, is staying at Tamworth, where her husband is stationed.

Mrs. Clifford Ross and daughter Judith, who is Frensham student, are spending holidays at their Shellharbor house.

Seen around town . . .

THE Cedric Brights, dancing at Prince's on their one night in Sydney en route from Cootamundra to Evans Head. Attractive Mrs. Bright was Jayne Harper before wedding in Melbourne last month.

Mrs. Ena Anderson in striking red-and-white floral silk jersey dinner frock.

● JUST ENGAGED. Pretty Bea Gordon, member of well-known pastoral family, announces her engagement to Len Bligh.

● CAKE IS CUT . . . Dr. Frank Byrnes assists his bride at reception which follows their wedding at St. John's College chapel. She was Myrie Hannett.

● ICE-CREAMS for Tony Stuart and auburn-haired fiancee Suzanne Crookston . . . enjoying country air at Moss Vale.

● THEY'RE TALKING of Tonga . . . Alix Hagen and Crown Prince Tuboutoax, of Tonga, at party given by Pacific Islands Society Council at Carlton Hotel.

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Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/16/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note:

"Nocturne," in "Smith's," recently brought me between £9 and £6."

"Three serials returned me £165."

"For my last story, 'The Darling of Hobart Town,' I received £6/19/6."

"In one week I had printed matter in only two papers ('Smith's' and 'The Bulletin') to the amount of £7/15/-, which, I think, is rather satisfactory."

"I have had three articles accepted by 3LO and broadcast by the A.B.C."

"'The Bulletin' headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/14/6 for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £6/13/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"

"I received £5 for my first story, 'Twin Ships.' 'Tilly Pulls Through,' £6/6/-."

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"BAD luck," I murmured sympathetically. "But everyone knows they're slow in taking up anything new."

"I'd go and spill a full can of gas in the Secretary's own office, but they won't let you in there. I've written to the Prime Minister and if I get the same formal acknowledgment from him I'm going to do something which will surprise them."

"What?" I inquired.

"Just wait. I'll give him a chance first. Not that I have much hope. But I'll wait until the end of the week."

When I saw him again he was really angry.

"No good," he exclaimed bitterly. "Some darned Under-Secretary acknowledged my communication and suggested that I write to the Secretary of State for War, Department A.Q.M.G., who will deal with the matter. He's 'my obedient servant,' too! I wish—but it's no good getting hot about it. I'll just put the cat among the pigeons right away."

"What do you mean to do?" I inquired. "Nothing to get you into trouble, I hope."

"I'll not get into trouble," he muttered, "but part of the British Army will."

"You mean——?"

"I'm going to gas a few soldiers. Put 'em in the air. And if the Prime Minister and the War Office, and Parliament, and the whole darned country cannot see the power of 'hilleum' after that I'll eat my gas-mask!"

"But, Hill," I protested, "you mustn't meddle with the Army!"

"I'm only going to try it on Territorials. I've been experimenting and I've made a weaker kind of gas that should only raise them a few dozen feet in the air."

"How high?" I asked in trepidation.

Hilleum Gas

Continued from page 5

"I don't exactly know, but I've tried it on rabbits and they only went about the height of the trees in the wood."

"Gosh!" I exclaimed. "Territorials, eh! How many did you think of sending up?"

"Just a company. A whole battalion might annoy the Government and it mightn't be safe for me afterwards. They won't mind an odd company."

I suddenly saw the prodigious humor of the idea and I laughed until my ribs ached.

. . . . . .

Captain Mallet led B Company of the Topshires, T.A., out of camp one hot July morning in full marching order en route for their training area five miles away.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! The company marched with the famous step of the Topshires. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Their boots struck the road with a measured clink. Left! Right! Left! Right! And barely half a mile behind them Hill and I were cruising along in his big car.

"I hope that darned energetic C.O. halts them this morning," Hill exclaimed.

"It's hot enough," I remarked. "It's the best day we've had."

And then, in the distance, we saw the company halt. Hill shut off the engine and we listened.

"Left turn!" we heard faintly, and then the blessed words, "Company, fall out!"

"Thank our lucky stars," my friend muttered. "Take the wheel and I'll start the pump for the gas."

I took the wheel as he climbed over into the back of the car and started up a small motor to drive the gas pump. He had fixed three pipes on each side of the car about the same distance from the ground as the exhaust, and the pump was powerful enough to spray "hilleum" at least twenty feet each side of the car. We could gas anything on the road or in the hedges!

"Let her go!" he exclaimed. "I've got enough gas in the tank for a battalion. Keep her at about fifteen as you pass the men."

I drove down the road and eased up about one hundred yards from the Topshires. Some of the men were sitting in the hedgesides, some on the edge of a dry ditch, others were lying on the grass verge. Almost all of them were smoking. They gazed unconcernedly at our car as we went slowly past, and then a dog barked as though in warning.

I suddenly remembered the dog, a big Airedale, the mascot of B Company, and I realised that it would go up, too. And if Mrs. Hill put two and two together she might guess the fate of Toots!

We were past the whole company in half a minute, but in that short time they had got enough "Hilleum" to make the job certain if Hill had got his mixture right.

"Pull up," he suddenly exclaimed, "and get your camera ready."

We were only fifty yards away from the end of the straggling lines of men and I stopped the car and jumped out with my camera. I took one snap of the road lined with men when one of them gave a yell of fear. He rose from the hedge, grabbed at a bush, shrieked in terror, and shot into the air. Another man immediately followed, and the whole company sprang to their feet.

"Company!" Sergeant - Major Hammer shouted. "Com——" Then up he went, too. Screaming with fright, up and up he flew like a balloon.

Ten men rose a second later, and Captain Mallet, like the brave leaders of old, followed his men. And then the remainder of the company rose in a body and flew upward with the Airedale among them; his maddened barking mingling with their screams of terror.

Forty to fifty yards in the air the upward flight ceased, and, poised drunkenly in the air, B Company of the Topshires floated in the July sunshine, a wondrous sight never seen before by human eye.

"Got your snaps?" Hill inquired.

I nodded. I could not speak.

"Pretty good guess for height," he remarked. "Now I bet 'my obedient servant' at the War Office will sit up and take notice."

The bobbing, uniformed bodies twisted slowly in the air. A sergeant and a private had grabbed each other as they rose, and, still locked in each other's arms, appeared to be executing a slow, rhythmical dance. One man pulled off his pack and it dropped on the road with a clatter. Up he rose a few feet, yelling for help.

Men clawed at the air, others made motions with their arms and legs as though they were swimming, the dog barked madly and snapped at the legs of Sergeant-Major Hammer, who howled with fright.

Then down the straight road came a car. It pulled up with whining brakes and disgorged a tall, thin man. He glared at our feet with a penetrating look as though trying to convince himself that we actually had them on the road, and wiped his brow with trembling fingers while rivulets of perspiration ran down his cheeks.

"C-can you see?" he gasped. "Can you see a lot of soldiers floating about in the air; or am I batty? You'll think I'm mad, I know, but I can see dozens and dozens of soldiers and a dog floating about like a lot of toy balloons at a dance. Gosh! I must be mad. I must!"

"I see them," Hill said calmly. "What about it?"

"But I've never seen such a sight in all my born days! I've travelled the world, I fought in the Great War—— D'you mean to tell me there are soldiers up there?"

"I saw them go up," my friend said quietly.

"But I don't understand!"

"My dear man, haven't you heard of the Air Force?"

"Yes, but——"

"They're a force, aren't they? They're in the air. They must be the Air Force!"

"And I must be crackers!" the stranger said. "I know you're kidding me. You can't see anything at all. I know what it is. Drink, just drink! Three bottles of beer—I was dry with the heat. Three bottles of beer and I can see hundreds of soldiers like blinkin' khaki rooks flying about in the air. Heaven help me!"

"My dear fellow," Hill murmured soothingly, "just hop into your car, run away home, lie down on your bed, pull down the blind, loosen—"

But the stranger, with a veritable squeal of terror and one last agonised look at the crowded sky, shot into his car like a rabbit into its hole and raced off along the road.

"Another potential teetotaller," my companion remarked with a smile. "Let's find a phone box and ring up the 'Daily Wire.'"

NEXT morning all Britain and half the world knew what had happened to the Topshires, but only about one per cent. of those who read the fantastic news believed it to be true.

The "Daily Wire," the first paper to print the news—Hill had merely told them on the phone that a terrible accident had rendered a whole company of Territorials hors de combat, and had given them his name but no address—rushed out a special edition after confirming the news through a local reporter.

And early that morning Hill phoned again to the "Wire" and told them about his gas—"Hilleum"; the gas that had put the Topshires off the earth and on the map.

The Editor rushed out another special edition, and right across the first page was a huge headline—"HILLEUM GAS!" They told Hill's story in simple words. "The British chemist who, disdaining foreign gold, had offered his miraculous gas to his country, only to be spurned by the slow-moving, slow-witted War Office."

The proprietor of the "Daily Wire" happened to have a personal grudge against the Secretary of State for War, and the leading article made a stern demand for his resignation, comparing him to Balaam's Ass—this happy description rhyming pleasingly with "Hilleum" gas!

The roads in the vicinity of the Topshires' camp in the sky were crowded with cars of all descriptions. Perspiring police, A.A. and R.A.C. scouts did their best but could not control the jostling, excited thousands who, armed with field-glasses, cameras, and cine-cameras, fought for the best positions to see and take pictures of the astounding scene.

AN R.A.F. detachment arrived, and, after signalling to the men floating above them, pitched camp in a field near the road. Half-an-hour later a convoy of R.A.S.C. lorries hooted their way through the crowd, and moored with wire ropes to the last lorry was a small observation balloon!

The crowd held their breath as the Air Force men hauled the balloon into the field and moored it securely. Then they quickly pulled it down, fixed longer ropes, and an officer climbed into it.

Steadied by the men holding the ropes the balloon slowly rose until it reached the floating men of the Topshires, and a rousing cheer burst from the crowd when the officer reached out and grasped the hand of Captain Mallet, who floated beside him.

Hill grinned as he stood beside me and whispered:

"Livingstone, I presume?"

I smiled at him, but we two were the only ones who saw any humor in the situation. Men with gaping mouths watched breathlessly as a flask was passed to Captain Mallet, who drank deeply. The officer in the balloon took out a notebook and they conferred earnestly for five minutes. Then he signalled and the balloon was hauled down.

A sergeant ascended with parcels of sandwiches and bottles of beer, the ground staff manoeuvring the balloon from one cluster of men to another. Down came the balloon again and up it went with more provisions until all the men were served.

It was a curious sight as we watched through our field glasses to see them eat and drink. With their lungs full of "Hilleum" they remained upright in the air, and eating and drinking did not appear to be difficult.

A sudden thought struck me, and I turned to my companion. "Hill," I whispered, "how do they manage to breathe with their lungs full of gas? Why don't they choke?"

"Toots didn't and the cow didn't. Why should Territorials? As a matter of fact, I've only invented 'Hilleum' and I don't know why it acts as it does. Anyway, its peculiar action seems to me to be a matter for future research. Logically, one would think that the gas would be expelled from the lungs by breathing out, but, there it is, it doesn't happen. The Topshires are still in the air!"

"If the wind gets up!" I gasped.

"I thought of that. They can moor the men with light ropes."

"But they cannot stay up forever. They'll die of exposure if it rains and turns cold."

"My dear old Jeremiah, they needn't stay up. I'm going to tell the authorities what to do when they ask my advice as they will very soon."

"Well?"

"How does a diver keep down in the sea?"

"You mean weighted boots?"

"Exactly! Haul them down with ropes. Fit 'em with lead-soled boots, and there you are."

I looked at him in amazement. "You've thought of everything."

He nodded solemnly. "Even what my wife will do if she realises what happened to Toots."

Forcing our way through the crowd, we crossed a field to a byroad where the car was parked. Hill drove off lost in thought, but at last he muttered, "What she'll do if she finds out about that dog makes me shiver. She's big and she's strong, and she's got the temper of a fiend when she's roused."

"My dear chap," I protested, "you're the most important man in the world to-day; surely you're not going to be afraid of a woman?"

"You're not married to Matilda," he said morosely. "Let's run into Topton and buy a paper."

In the "Daily Wire" was a personal appeal from the Prime Minister asking the inventor of the new gas to communicate with him.

Please turn to page 30

HOME, SWEET HOME!

PHILIP: Look at him! I've never seen such a cry-baby in all my life!

JANE: Well darling, nobody can say we've spoilt him. Trouble is he's so highly strung. I can't do a thing with him! He's got me worried!

PHILIP: The poor kid's as thin as a rake. There must be *some* way of building him up.

JANE: Darling, I've been terribly worried about him lately. He hardly eats a thing. Perhaps Dr. Stuart can help him? I'll take him along to-morrow.

DOCTOR: Mrs. Richards, the cause of young Peter's troubles can be traced back to his sleep. You see, children grow during sleep. This uses up their energy. Heartbeats and breathing at night also use up energy. Naturally, if energy isn't replaced during sleep, children get run down. It's Night-Starvation, so put Peter on to Horlicks.

Priced from 1/6; economy size, 2/9. Special pack with mixer, 2/-.

SIX WEEKS LATER

PHILIP: Well, you're a heavy young chap these days! By jove, you *are* putting on weight!

JANE: Isn't it wonderful? You should see the meals he eats now!

HORLICKS

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Essential to hair health!

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Age shows itself in "Loose Skin." Prove this for yourself! Look in your mirror. Notice the little lines and wrinkles. Now draw the skin tight with your fingers, and presto! years drop from your age. It is this "Facial Droop" that FACIAL YOUTH so successfully combats. Containing costly "Vitacel," it tones up loose, tired face muscles and tissues, combats excess skin acidity, defeats blemishes, ends wrinkles, blackheads, open pores, shiny or greasy nose, giving you a clearer, softer, lovelier complexion. Facial Youth is also the ideal powder "base." 1/3, 1/9, 2/6 everywhere.

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END Backache Rheumatism and Kidney Troubles!!

Read what one sufferer writes:

"Although under 45, backaches and rheumatic pains made me look worn and old. My joints used to swell and hurt, too, until I read about Harrison's Pills. Two bottles made a new man of me." Sgd., T.S.

"AMAZING" is the one word that describes the results secured with Harrison's Pills, not by one or two, but by thousands of sufferers all over the world! More effective than anything else you may have tried, because they go right to the seat of the trouble, dissolving the painful acids and crystals that lodge in joints and cause those excruciating pains in the back, stiff and swollen joints, neuritis and other upsetting troubles. Safe, sure and certain, they tone up the whole system in a marvellous way, restoring the vital forces, purifying the blood stream, making you feel years younger. Fully guaranteed, too—your money back in full if you are not completely satisfied. Price, 2/-, 3/-, 5/- everywhere.

HARRISON'S PILLS Remove the Cause!

Women also Serve..

How Lord Mayor's Fund is helping our boys

NOW swinging along in its second year, the Women's War Comforts Section of the Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund has an organisation of more than 5000 voluntary workers.

From a small beginning in September, 1939, has grown the present enormous organisation of women.

Mrs. H. Millard, the young director of supplies under whose control is the entire purchasing of comforts, food, and so on, said that in fifteen months the fund has sent out comforts supplies which included 179,363 pairs of socks, 24,073 pairs of pyjamas, 14,298 mufflers, 317,931 cakes of soap, and 50,846 tubes of toothpaste.

President of the Women's War Comforts Section is the Lady Mayoress of Sydney, Mrs. S. S. Crick.

Lady Julius is supervisor, with Mrs. F. J. Davy as deputy supervisor and Lady Nock as chairman.

So quickly are stocks despatched that huge storerooms filled to capacity one day at the central depot are empty the next, and the workers start all over again to fill the shelves.

The speed with which orders can be filled from the depot was shown recently when a rush requisition came for 4500 pairs of khaki shorts. Within twenty minutes the cases were packed and out of the building.

"We need every atom of help we can get," said Lady Julius as she showed an Australian Women's Weekly representative round the huge rooms in which the work is taking place.

The meticulous care with which the organisation is run would do credit to any big business.

Some of the women workers come in every day for the entire day. Others come once a week or once a month.

Miss Gordon Kilgour, secretary, Miss Maud Yates, despatch officer, Mrs. Leighton, comforts supervisor, Mrs. C. L. Lane, cutting-out supervisor, and Mrs. O. Osborne, sorting and packing officer, are among the busiest officials.

Leaders for all the voluntary helpers during the week are Mrs. E. A. Stiefvater, Mrs. J. G. Farquharson, Mrs. H. Shardlow, Miss Ruth Wilson, and Miss Lucy Nock.

Lady Davidson has a flower stall at the entrance to the central depot.

Open on Mondays and Fridays, the stall has raised more than £350 for the fund.

From a file in the office the chairman, Lady Nock, produced many letters which had been received from service men from varied quarters.

They expressed gratitude at the packages of comforts that they had received prior to embarkation, or since their arrival at their destination.

Some of the letters referred to the Christmas parcels for which 25,000 hampers were packed by members of the Ladies' Golf Union, under the direction of Miss Una Clift, president, who is an executive of the Comforts Fund Depot.

DAILY WORKERS at the Comforts Fund central depot are Lady Julius (left), supervisor, and Lady Nock, chairman of the executive committee.

MRS. H. MILLARD, director of supplies, checks over a shipment of goods for overseas from the Comforts Fund main depot.

MRS. S. S. CRICK, Lady Mayoress of Sydney and president of the Women's War Comforts Section of the Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund.

Careful check

A FILING system keeps a complete check on all wool distributed.

Every article which is issued from the depot has an A.C.F. stamp on it.

In 1941 the women of New South Wales will be called on for even greater efforts as the Lord Mayor's Fund has to provide all the comforts needed for the men in Singapore and Canada, and 40 per cent. of those needed for the men in the Middle East.

Three months' supply for them included 2,300,000 cigarettes, 38,500 ounces of tobacco, 32,000 sticks of shaving soap, 65,000 handkerchiefs.

Then there are all the clothing comforts, and cake, tinned fruit, golden syrup, tinned vegetables and so on.

Last year women officials of the fund were astonished at the numbers of women who came into the office and donated some of their most valuable household possessions of gold or silver.

One very old woman came in with a silver teapot which she assured them had been in her family for generations. It was the only valuable thing she owned.

The biggest individual effort of the year for the fund was Appeal Day, on October 4, when £14,000 was raised.

Apart from the Women's War Comforts Section, there is affiliated with the Lord Mayor's Fund the Naval War Auxiliary, which within a year distributed 21,874 garments, with a weekly output of 140lb. of wool to 1124 knitters.

President is Mrs. C. J. Pope.

In February, 1940, Mrs. C. de la Rue launched the R.A.A.F. Comforts Fund, Richmond, and during the year the committee sent more than 20,000 articles to the central office for distribution to R.A.A.F. men.

Women's work at the Anzac Buffet during the year has been untiring.

From a roster of 600 volunteers is drawn the daily list of canteen workers, and also others who help the Ladies' Auxiliary under the leadership of Miss L. Wray, Mrs. Sam Jones, and Miss E. Hill to collect food supplies for the buffet.

New ODO-RO-DO CREAM

SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION

Non-greasy — Stainless

Won't irritate skin or rot dresses

Quick! No waiting for it to dry

Use before or after shaving, as you prefer.

1/- and 2/-

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Get a bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil

Dries up Eczema, Barbers' Itch, and Skin Eruptions in a few Days

This wonderful scientist's prescription, now known all over the world as Moone's Emerald Oil, is so efficient in the treatment of skin diseases that the itching of eczema stops with one application. With regular applications, the most persistent case of eczema may be overcome, never to return.

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New 3-Second Relief CORN

PAIN GOES

Corn lifts out

Actually . . . in 3 seconds after touching it with a drop of Frozol-Ice . . . you can feel the pain die out of any nasty nagging corn or callus. This better-type of anaesthetic action works that fast every time. Soon after the corn begins to shrink—then work so loose that you can lift it out in your finger-tips. Frozol-Ice is the safe, instant-drying, antiseptic treatment that does not spread out on healthy tissue. All chemists and stores.

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Put the Sunshine in your hair

Glorify your hair with the Camilatone Beauty ROUTINE, add sparkle, enrich the colour, "let the sunshine in." Simply cleanse with Camilatone, the gentlest of shampoos, then rinse with Tonrinz. That's all, but the result will be a revelation to you. Special Camilatone Shampoo, complete with Tonrinz, for Blonde, Auburn, Mid and Dark Brown, White and Gold at 6½d. each. Tonrinz separately at 3d. each.

Camilatone BEAUTY SHAMPOO & TONRINZ

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For a long time her hair had been going dull . . . mousy. Gradually its outstanding blonde beauty was fading. Then she started to wash her hair at home. And made this remarkable discovery . . . that only Sta-blond can bring back that lovely 'lighter' colour to faded fair hair. It succeeds where ordinary shampoos fail—simply because it is made specially for blondes.

You, too, can give back to your hair that lost golden beauty—can recapture lost sparkle and charm—and keep it—for Sta-blond prevents fair hair from darkening and keeps it bright and lustrous always.

No dyes or injurious bleaches in Sta-blond. Its precious Vitol nourishes roots and prevents dandruff.

ENGLISH PRODUCT.

STA-BLOND
THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and salves can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonhardt's **Vaculoid**, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts.

Vaculoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe and lasting relief to pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists anywhere sell **Vaculoid** with this guarantee.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Behold, Here's Poison

Continued from page 6

STELLA came into the room, still rather white, but quite calm. She stood on the threshold, and said: "Aunt Gertrude ought to be told. Shall I ring her up?"

"Darling, if only you would allow me to be quiet for just a little time!" her mother said. "You neither of you seem to think of what I must be feeling. We did not always agree, but Harriet and I——"

"Aunt Gertrude's her sister. She ought to be told," Stella repeated.

Mrs. Matthews made a gesture of resignation. "Tell anyone you please, only don't keep on worrying me when you can see how upset I am."

Stella went out again. Mrs. Matthews leaned her head in her hand, and murmured: "I really don't think I feel up to seeing Gertrude. I believe I'll go to my room, and lie down."

"You'll have to see her," Guy answered. "She'll insist — she's bound to."

Stella came back in a few moments and said curtly that Mrs. Lupton was coming at once.

"What did she say?" Guy asked.

"Nothing much. Utterly taken aback at first. Then she just said she'd come round. She'll be here in about ten minutes."

They sat down to wait. After what seemed an age they heard the hush of tyres on the gravel-drive, and in another minute or two Mrs. Lupton walked into the room.

It was a relief to find, in a world become suddenly distorted, that Mrs. Lupton was still herself. She swept a glance round the room, and said in a voice of outraged majesty: "What is all this nonsense Stella tried to tell me?"

"It's true," Guy said. "Aunt Harriet's dead."

Mrs. Lupton said: "Impossible! I don't believe it!" Then, as though the futility of these words dawned on her, she added: "It is incredible! I hardly know what I am saying. How did it happen? She was well enough last night!"

"It must have been a stroke," Mrs. Matthews answered. "I said so the instant I saw her. The worry of Gregory's death—it was all too much for her."

"A stroke! Harriet?" Mrs. Lupton looked from her sister-in-law to her nephew. She moved towards a chair, and sat down in it. "Kindly tell me at once what has happened here!" she commanded.

"She said she felt seedy at breakfast," Guy said jerkily. "We thought she'd eaten something that disagreed with her."

"Very likely," said his aunt. "But I have yet to learn that indigestion can be the cause of death. Go on!"

"She went up to her room to lie down. Stella found her at lunch-time."

"Dead?" Mrs. Lupton asked on a note of horror.

"Yes."

Mrs. Lupton put up a hand to her eyes. "This is terrible!" she announced. "First Gregory, then Harriet! I do not know what to say. I am completely bowled over. My poor sister! I do not seem able to grasp it. Did you say she had a stroke?"

"We think it must have been that," Mrs. Matthews replied.

Stella blurted out: "There's going to be a post-mortem. Deryk thinks she was poisoned."

There was a defensive note in her voice, but Mrs. Lupton rather surprisingly said after a moment's blank silence: "Rubbish!"

A little sigh broke from Mrs. Matthews. She said: "Of course it is rubbish. But it is very, very painful for all of us, none the less."

"I have no opinion of Dr. Fielding," pronounced Mrs. Lupton. "Pray, how does he presume to diagnose a case of poisoning when he was totally unable to detect it in Gregory's death? And who wanted to poison poor Harriet, I should like to know? I am not aware of anyone, except you, Zoe, having the least motive for doing such a thing."

"That'll do, thanks!" Guy said harshly. "Mother had no motive, none that would satisfy any jury in the world!"

"I can respect your championship of your mother," replied Mrs. Lupton with a certain grimness, "but you would be better employed in facing the facts as they are. Your mother had a certain motive for poisoning my poor sister—not that I accuse her of having done it, for I cannot suppose that she would have been fool enough to take such a risk while the police are still investigating your uncle's death.

"But if you think that the police will not make very particular inquiries into her movements to-day you are living in a fool's paradise, my dear Guy, and the sooner you cease to do so the better it will be for you!"

Mrs. Matthews rose from the sofa and said tragically: "I can only hope, Gertrude, that you don't realise what you are saying. I don't think you know how deeply you have wounded me. I am going to my room now. Somehow I don't feel I can bear any more."

Mrs. Lupton made no effort to detain her. She watched her go out of the room, and then herself rose and announced that she wished to see her sister.

"Fielding's locked the room up," Guy said briefly.

Mrs. Lupton's bosom swelled. "Dr. Fielding takes a great deal upon himself!" she said. "In my opinion he is an officious and an incompetent young jackanapes!"

That seemed to dispose of Dr. Fielding. Mrs. Lupton, promising to give him a piece of her mind at the first opportunity, laid a strict charge on her nephew to notify her by telephone of whatever should happen next, and left the Poplars.

As though by tacit consent, neither Stella nor Guy, alone in the library, made any attempt to discuss the cause of their aunt's death, but when Mrs. Matthews reappeared later she opened the subject by saying as she entered the room: "I have been thinking about it all very deeply, and I feel more than ever convinced that poor Harriet had a stroke. You know, she has not been herself ever since Gregory was taken from us.

"WHEN the police come we must tell them the truth just as simply as possible. We have none of us anything to hide, and I do so want you, my dears, to be your natural selves and not to behave in any silly exaggerated way that might make anyone who didn't know you as I do think that you were afraid of something coming out."

Beecher came into the room. He still looked rather shaken, and he spoke in an expressionless voice which made Stella think, he's going to give notice: they all will. "Mr. Rumbold has called, madam, and would like to see you."

"Show him in," said Mrs. Matthews.

It was evident that Rumbold had heard the news. He looked even more shocked than Beecher. He said, not in his usual calm way, but with a note of horror in his voice: "Mrs. Matthews, I have just heard—— It can't be true!"

Mrs. Matthews held out her hand, but turned her face away. "Yes, my dear friend, it is true," she said. "We can scarcely believe it ourselves. My poor, poor sister-in-law!"

He clasped her hand and continued to hold it, half unconsciously. "Your housemaid told our cook—but I couldn't think it possible. I don't know what to say. That poor, unfortunate woman——"

Guy wheeled round to face him. "Mr. Rumbold, we think there can be no doubt that my aunt had a stroke!" he said.

Rumbold looked quickly across at him. "A stroke! Is that Fielding's verdict?"

"Fielding's a fool. He doesn't know what caused my aunt's death, but we are quite sure it must have been a stroke."

The door opened. "The police are here, madam," said Beecher, in a voice of doom.

"Good heavens, already!" muttered Guy.

A moment later Hannasyde came into the room.

Mrs. Matthews turned white but pulled herself together quickly. "Good-afternoon, Superintendent. You wish to see me?"

"I wish to ask you some questions, Mrs. Matthews, about Miss Harriet Matthews' death."

She raised her brows. "Surely you are a little premature in assuming that my sister-in-law's death is a case for the police?"

Hannasyde looked steadily down at her, and replied: "Have you any objection to answering my questions, Mrs. Matthews?"

Please turn to page 32

Hilleum Gas

Continued from page 28

THE Editor praised the Prime Minister's speedy action while strongly condemning the Secretary of State for War. He also stated that the B.B.C. were to broadcast an appeal every half-hour to the inventor of the gas to reveal his identity.

"I'll phone to Downing Street," Hill said suddenly. "Find a box."

I stood beside him as he telephoned, listening breathlessly——

"Hill, the inventor of Hilleum Gas wishes to speak to the Prime Minister," he began. There was a moment's pause and then I heard: "Yes, Hill speaking. No, the men will be all right, it will wear off in time. Simple enough. Moor them with light ropes. Get lead-soled boots prepared. Yes; like divers'—Pull 'em down and put the boots on——

"I want half a million for the formula—— Yes, I said half a million. And an earldom—— And I want the Secretary of State for War to write out 'Your obedient servant,' in his own handwriting, mind, five hundred times—— But I absolutely insist on this. Five hundred times—— Right, until four o'clock. I understand."

Hill rang off. "He's calling a Cabinet meeting right away. I'm to ring him at four. Let's push off quickly or they'll be on to this phone box."

We lunched at a quiet country hotel twenty miles away and then drove on until four o'clock.

I took the driver's seat while he went into a phone box. Three minutes later he rushed out again.

"All settled," he exclaimed with a grin as he held out his hand. "Meet the Earl of Hilleum!"

I roared with laughter. "Is that to be your title?"

"Why not? 'Hilleum's' put me among the stars, why shouldn't I use the name?" He laughed unrestrainedly. "And I hope the blinkin' Secretary of State for War gets writer's cramp!"

. . . . .

Hill was to meet the Prime Minister at 10 Downing Street that night, but he did not keep the appointment. I have his last letter before me as I write his strange story. Hastily scribbled in pencil on a sheet of ruled foolscap it reads:

"Dear Porter,

"The very worst has happened. Matilda guessed what happened to Toots through that cursed dog of the Topshires. She's made me confess, and I've been through agony. She's locked me in my lab. I think she's mad. She says she's off to buy a whip to beat me like a dog. I enclose the formula. It's for you.

"Make what terms you like for yourself but she mustn't have a penny out of it. I've just managed to bust the window and I'm going to take the stiffest dose of 'Hilleum' I can manage, and try and post this letter. Heaven knows where I'll get to, but I'll soon know.

"You've been a pal.

"Good-bye.

"A. Hill."

When I received that letter I searched frenziedly for the formula, but it wasn't enclosed. In his fear and his hurry to escape he must have left it in his pocket, for it has never been found, so "Hilleum" has been lost to the world!

Little remains to be told. Everyone knows how the Topshires were hauled down, fitted with lead-soled boots, and taken to hospital. How in two weeks the gas disappeared completely from their lungs and left no after-effects. Of the death of Mrs. Hill from heart failure.

And so the secret of "Hilleum" disappeared with its inventor. But, although he has gone, he will never be forgotten by the world in general, and by the Topshires in particular.

I, for one, often gaze at the starry sky and wonder where he is, and think of the mighty changes "Hilleum" would have made in the world had it not been for the accident to Toots and the fear my friend had of his wife.

Had he but thought of giving her a stiff dose of "Hilleum."

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New *Under-arm*
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Stops Perspiration

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2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3.

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So They Say

Service or glamor as reason for wartime uniforms?

I QUITE agree with Mr. G. Cantrill (28/12/'40) when he says that money spent unnecessarily on uniforms for women in the reserve services could go to war funds.

The majority of young girls do seem to derive quite a lot of pleasure just parading in them, and more than one lass has cast disparaging looks in the direction of those wearing street clothes.

It is true, too, as Mr. Cantrill states, that many who have not the distinction of a public uniform may be of far more value, both in times of war and peace, than those who wear them.

Miss M. Andrews, Nursing Staff, Prince Henry Hospital, Little Bay, Sydney.

Dress as usual

WHY suggest that a woman who spends money on a uniform is not giving her share to war efforts?

I notice that the majority of girls NOT in uniform are dressed in the latest fashions. They did not make last summer's attire do for this summer and give the money to the war effort. So why criticise

Use of uniform saves money.

the girl in uniform, which is not as costly as some people imagine?

I have been able to give more to the Red Cross and Comforts Funds since I have been in uniform.

J. Godson, 16 Murphy St., Elsternwick S4, Vic.

Much neater

UNIFORM for any important work is a real necessity.

Has Mr. Cantrill ever watched a number of war-workers in the making, drilling before they don uniforms?

The women wear all sorts of clothes, but these same people when dressed in uniforms look smart and soldierly, calling forth respect, adding to their dignity and usefulness.

Mrs. E. M. Jackson, 58 Bower St., Manly, N.S.W.

FACE NO GUIDE

IS it right to judge a person by his or her face?

Lately I've heard several people when talking about absent acquaintances remark: "Oh! I wouldn't trust So-and-So—he has a cruel-looking mouth."

Why should people judge others in this way without even a slight friendship with the person under discussion—it isn't fair, and doesn't give that person a chance.

Nature has bestowed on us all different facial expressions—but it does not always prove that a man is bad tempered because his eyebrows meet in the centre, or if he has thin lips, does it?

Mrs. P. U. Dunn, 137 Murrumbeena Rd., Murrumbeena, Vic.

EFFECT OF AGE

WE often hear two expressions, "mellowed with age" and "old and crabby," so one wonders which carries most weight.

Everything depends on how one has benefited by varied experiences, especially adverse; and the mellowing process is the outcome of patience and tolerance.

Otherwise life's cares would leave us "old and crabby."

Mrs. L. Howarth, School House, Tempe, N.S.W.

PERSONAL REMARKS

WHY do Australian women make so many personal remarks?

Wherever one goes they always have something to say about one's frock, hat, or hair. When they come to our homes they finger the material of new curtains and critically examine any new purchase. They want to know where things were bought, and all about them.

Admittedly, many of the remarks are of a complimentary nature, but it would be much better if these inquisitive women left them unsaid.

Mrs. D. Durno, 11 Ashgrove Ave., Brisbane.

LACK OF DIGNITY

I WAS really disgusted on going to a suburban theatre recently at the lack of dignity in our young girls.

They slumped in their chairs, giggling and interjecting during the picture, especially at any sentimental or reverent scenes.

Have they not the mental intelligence to enjoy such pictures?

If so, they should either get up and go out or stay away altogether, as all their nonsense cannot alter the pictures and certainly spoils them for anyone who appreciates them.

Miss P. Pooley, 78 Brookes St., Valley, Brisbane.

SALARY QUESTION

AS a mere male it seems queer to me that women, while having gained equality with men in practically every walk of life, still passively endure the low wages paid to them.

Since over 50 per cent. of the voters in the Commonwealth are women, it is quite within their power to secure equal pay for equal work, providing they only took the trouble to question election candidates as to their attitude on this matter and vote accordingly.

I should like to hear feminine opinions on this matter, which so vitally affects their welfare.

Mr. M. Middleton, Strathmore, Werris Creek, N.S.W.

SHORTER FROCKS

AT present we are all trying to help the war effort by being economical.

To me an unnecessary waste are the long, trailing evening frocks.

Could not the women of to-day do the same as their mothers did during the great war, and make their evening frocks shorter, and much less in width?

Mrs. F. Gall, Campbell Town, Tas.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

Bush heroines set example to nation

WOMEN of the drought-stricken areas of the Commonwealth set an example of courage and faith in the face of misfortune which we could well imitate.

The results of the drought combined with the ordinary hardships of bush life have only intensified the determination of these women to stick it out.

They carry on cheerfully and bravely, giving courage and inspiration to their menfolk. While Australia breeds such women the fate of the Empire will win through all obstacles.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. J. Turnbull, Bunbury Rd., Wagerup, W.A.

School homework and its effect on pupils

CHILDREN should have homework given to them provided that it is not too heavy (M. Tyler, 28/12/'40).

They will find their lessons during the day are much easier if a certain amount of preparation is done the night before.

My children have never complained of too much homework, and it has never made them irritable.

Mrs. N. Gillespie, 11 Anderson St., Toowoomba, Qld.

Has to work late

I HAVE often wondered why so much homework should be given.

It is practically impossible to get it all done before 11 p.m.

A small amount doesn't do any harm, but when it comes to several pages for each subject it becomes very wearisome.

Rewa Whan, 2 Belmore St., Burwood, N.S.W.

JOIN COUNCILS

WHY is it that more women do not seek to be elected to municipal councils? A woman ratepayer is qualified for election to these councils and there are various matters such as health, housing, and kindred questions in which the counsel of women would be particularly helpful.

Mrs. P. Clelland, 54A Patrick St., Hobart.

OBSCURES VIEW

LAST week I attended a dinner where a large bowl of flowers which decorated the table was placed in front of me.

I was very embarrassed when I had to lean over the person sitting beside me in order to speak to my hostess, who was sitting opposite.

Why can't people leave flower decorations off the dining table?

Miss Y. McNamee, 81 Glover St., Mosman, N.S.W.

RIGHT TO PAY FARES

IS it not rather awkward when meeting a male acquaintance on a tram-car that he should want to pay your fare?

I cannot see that there is any obligation on the man's part to pay for anyone, no matter how friendly, unless being escorted by him. I have often been embarrassed by this well-intentioned faux pas, and now always have my fare all ready in my hand before entering the tram.

Mrs. J. Wilson, 307 Angas St., Adelaide.

FAR TOO UNEVEN

PRACTICALLY every book is of a slightly different measurement.

Could not printers and publishers conform to a set size?

How much tidier our bookcases would look if, instead of holding a motley assortment of odd sizes, there was a set standard.

The thickness is of no consequence, as it in no way detracts from the tidiness of the bookcase.

Reams of paper could be saved, and that surely would be worth while.

Mrs. N. Torr, cr. Church St. and Mobbs Lane, Carlingford, N.S.W.

Grow vegetables as help for home economy?

IT is hard to understand why everyone does not have his own vegetable garden (Blanche Willis, 28/12/'40).

Home-grown vegetables and fruit are always fresher, and therefore must be more nutritious, and surely it keeps down housekeeping expenses even in normal times.

Mrs. E. McMillan, P.O. Glenhuntly, Vic.

Will cause loss

THERE are already thousands of vegetable farmers who cannot sell even one quarter of their produce, and quite a few of them, consequently, on the dole.

The farmer supports the city by buying its produce, while the city people repay him by advocating "grow your own vegetables."

Mrs. P. Hoctor, Glossodia, via Windsor, N.S.W.

Give to needy

HOME-grown vegetables are always so fresh that it is a wonder more people do not produce them.

I heard a man say that he only grows them to give away.

Isn't that a generous gesture to

Ready to help household budget.

give vegetables to those who are less able to cultivate or who have no room for a garden?

Mrs. M. Bruce, 34 Coke St., Norwood, S.A.

Prefer flowers

WE Australians are too fond of a good time to be bothered growing vegetables.

Flowers can draw the attention of the majority to our front gardens. They always look attractive.

Maybe we will wake up and realise our acres would benefit all and sundry if they were put under cultivation and produced fresh, health-giving, green vegetables.

M. Stanton, 152 High St., Penrith, N.S.W.

HOW TO KEEP FIT

You can't keep fit if you suffer from constipation. Constipation saps energy, makes you feel tired and "off-colour." NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle laxative, ends constipation quickly and *naturally*. Figsen is made from three of Nature's own laxatives—Figs, Senna and Cascara. That's why Figsen is NOT habit-forming, and why it is good for *every* member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. Figsen is sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3½ a tin.

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1/1 AND 2/2 (ECONOMY SIZE)

HINDS Honey & Almond **CREAM**

Extra Creamy. Quicker acting

FREE OFFER! To put sunshine in your hair send the advert., with your name, address and colour of your hair to Box 860-GG, G.P.O., Sydney, and 3d. pkt. Camptone Tonette will be sent free.

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Thrilling *New-type* Shampoo

Gives Glamorous Hair Beauty!

INCORRECT WAY *Hair dull, covered with cloudy film.*

CORRECT NEW WAY *No dull film; hair soft, shining like silk.*

Totally Different from all other Shampoos

Produces beautifying results never before known

New Softness . . . New Lustre . . . New Allure

★ It's hard to believe, but true! This new type Colinated 'foam' Shampoo literally transforms the appearance of any hair.

Yes! Look at the girl in this picture, one shampoo with Colinated will make the magical difference you see! This girl herself says: "I am so thrilled about Colinated 'foam' Shampoo! It adds a silky lustre and shimmer to the hair!" So try it soon. Get ready for the compliments then, too, for men cannot resist a shining head of hair.

Just how this unusual shampoo works these miracles is a scientific secret. IT ISN'T AN OIL, IT ISN'T SOAP—IT ISN'T ANYTHING YOU'VE HEARD BEFORE. Scientists have brought us something brand new; a shampoo so different they've patented the process by which it is made. You simply wet your hair, shake on a few drops, and instantly get a glorious billowy foam in any kind of water—5 TIMES MORE THAN ANY SOAP LATHER. Rub it briskly into the hair, rinse once and you're through.

"What!" you say, "No second rinse? No vinegar or special after-rinses?"

No—not one extra rinse! That's the marvellous part. This new type shampoo, being neither oil nor soap, can't make that gummy, unrinsable film ordinary alkaline soap or powder shampoos leave to cover up natural lustre. So your hair comes out radiant and glamorous, silky and smooth! Best of all, any loose dandruff disappears, leaving your scalp clean and alive.

Another thing—you'll find Colinated 'foam' Shampoo the most economic you've ever used, too—a half-teaspoonful gives a rich shampoo, so it goes a lot further. You can get it at any chemist or toilet counter anywhere.

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Behold, Here's Poison

"IT is very painful to me to have to discuss it," said Mrs. Matthews with sorrowful dignity.

"I quite appreciate that it must be," said Hannasyde. "I am sorry to intrude on you at such a moment, but I am sure you will realise that in the circumstances my department is bound to investigate the matter."

"I suppose so," sighed Mrs. Matthews. "But one cannot help feeling that Dr. Fielding's conduct has been extraordinary. We ourselves believe that my sister-in-law had a stroke."

"That is a point which the medical authorities must determine," said Hannasyde. "When was Miss Matthews first taken ill?"

"I am afraid you will have to ask my son or my daughter that question," replied Mrs. Matthews. "You see, I never come down to breakfast, so I don't know what happened until my poor sister-in-law came upstairs."

Hannasyde turned towards Stella, who answered at once: "My aunt said that she didn't feel very well when she came down to breakfast. It was a little before nine o'clock, I think."

"Did your aunt say when she first began to feel ill?"

"No-no. No, I'm nearly sure she didn't. She just said, 'I don't feel very well this morning,' or something like that."

"Did she ever take anything before breakfast? Early tea, for instance?"

"Yes, she always had early tea."

"Who took that to her?"

"Oh, the under-housemaid! Usually the upper-housemaid, but we haven't got one at the moment."

"Does she also prepare the tea?"

"I don't know. She or the cook, I suppose."

"Did Miss Matthews take anything else? Any medicine, perhaps?"

Stella looked questioningly at her mother, but Mrs. Matthews shook her head. "Really, Superintendent, I've no idea what my sister-in-law may or may not have taken."

Hannasyde did not pursue this. Instead he asked Stella what her aunt had eaten for breakfast. When he heard that Miss Matthews had had only tea and one slice of bacon, he said: "Was it the same tea which you and your brother drank, Miss Matthews?"

"Well, I had coffee," replied Stella. "Guy, you had the tea, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Guy. "Same pot, too."

"And after breakfast, what did your aunt do?"

"Ah, there I can help you," intervened Mrs. Matthews. "I was just going to have my bath when my sister-in-law came upstairs, and told me that she felt sick and rather giddy. Nothing to alarm one. Indeed, I thought it no more than a slight bilious attack, but I always feel that one can't be too careful, especially when one is getting on in years as my sister-in-law was. So I made her go to bed with a hot-water bottle."

"Did you give her anything for this sickness, Mrs. Matthews?"

"Yes, I gave her a dose of some very excellent medicine which I have made up for indigestion. My own doctor—Dr. Herbert Martin, of Harley Street—prescribed it for me, and I know from my own experience——"

"I should like to see both the medicine and the glass it was given in," said Hannasyde.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Matthews, as one humoring a child's whim. "But naturally the glass has been washed and put away."

"Are you sure of that?" Hannasyde asked. "Was the glass removed from Miss Matthews' bedroom?"

"Oh, surely!" Mrs. Matthews said, wrinkling her brow. "I should never have left it there. It was my own medicine-glass, and I'm afraid I'm very fussy about things like that. I always like to be sure that they are properly washed, and put away."

"Did you perhaps wash the glass yourself?"

Mrs. Matthews put a hand to her brow. "I don't think I remember. I may have, or it may simply have gone down to the pantry."

"Well, I can find that out by asking the servants," Hannasyde said cheerfully. "You did not think to ask your doctor to call and see Miss Matthews?"

"Oh no!" Mrs. Matthews said. "My sister-in-law did not want a doctor to be called in, and really I could not see that it was at all necessary."

"Did your sister-in-law say that she didn't want a doctor?"

"I don't know that she actually said those words, but she was not a person who ever consulted doctors very willingly. I am very sorry that she didn't, for if only she had been under some good man I feel that whatever it was that was wrong with her might have been treated, and she would have been with us now. Undoubtedly there must have been some trouble which we none of us knew about——"

"Then when you put your sister-in-law to bed you saw no cause for alarm?"

"Absolutely none!" replied Mrs. Matthews earnestly.

Continued from page 30

"And later, when she grew worse, did you still feel no anxiety?"

"But you see I had no idea!" Mrs. Matthews said. "I did not go into her room again until about twelve o'clock——"

Hannasyde interrupted: "One moment, Mrs. Matthews. You say you did not go to her again until about twelve. When was it that you left Miss Matthews?"

Mrs. Matthews smoothed the skirt of her frock rather nervously. "I really don't think I can tell you. I didn't look at the time. After all, why should I?"

"What time do you usually get up, Mrs. Matthews?"

"Oh, when I have had my breakfast! I never take anything but tea, and a little toast, so——"

"Quite. But I want to know when you get up in the morning, please."

"Really, Superintendent, you cannot expect me to keep a detailed timetable of my——"

Edward Rumbold spoke for the first time. "I think you always get up at about the same time, don't you, Mrs. Matthews? Somewhere between half-past nine and ten, isn't it?"

"Yes, generally," she said reluctantly. "Oh—this is Mr. Rumbold, Superintendent, a very great friend of ours. He has been most kind——"

"YOU know, I don't think the Superintendent wants to hear about my so-called kindness, dear Mrs. Matthews," said Rumbold. "Stella, can you perhaps help over this question of time?"

She said hesitatingly: "You mean—when Mummy put Aunt Harriet to bed?"

"Yes. Your mother is feeling too upset to remember very clearly, but naturally the Superintendent must know when it was," he said reassuringly. "If you know, tell him."

She looked at him in rather a frightened way, but he repeated calmly: "Do you know, Stella?"

"Well, yes. I know it was just ten when I went upstairs, because the grandfather clock in the hall was striking. Mummy was just coming out of Aunt Harriet's room with a ——" She saw her mother's eyes fixed on her, and broke off.

"What what, Miss Matthews?"

Stella gave a little laugh. "Well, I was going to say with her dressing-gown on, but I suppose that's irrelevant." She found that the Superintendent was steadily regarding her, and with a slightly heightened color she added: "And I asked if Aunt Harriet was worse, and my mother said she didn't think it was anything much, but that she'd put her to bed, and—and given her some stuff to take. Then I went down to the kitchen, and afterwards out to the shops."

"Thank you." Hannasyde turned towards Mrs. Matthews again. "It seems then that you left your sister-in-law at ten o'clock. Did you go out after that?"

"Out?" repeated Mrs. Matthews. "No, I had many little duties to perform about the house."

"And between ten and twelve you did not go into Miss Matthews' room?"

"No. I wrote letters, and then I had to do the flowers."

"You did not think it advisable to look in on your sister-in-law, if only to see whether she wanted anything?"

Mrs. Matthews replied with dignity: "No, Superintendent, I did not. When I left her my sister-in-law was drowsy. I thought it far better that she should have a good sleep."

He accepted this without comment, and asked: "At twelve o'clock, when you did go into her room, did there not seem to you to be anything amiss?"

"I thought she was still asleep. I opened the door very quietly, and just peeped in. She was lying on her side—she seemed asleep. The curtains were drawn, so naturally I could not see very clearly. I went away again, and it was not until lunch-time when I sent my daughter to see how she was feeling that I had the least suspicion of what had happened. My son rang up the doctor immediately. It was he who broke the terrible news to us."

"Thank you," said Hannasyde. "Mr. Matthews, were you at home this morning?"

"Yes," replied Guy.

"All the morning?"

"Yes, I was working in this very room. Anything else I can tell you?"

"Nothing, thank you. I should like, however, to interview the housemaid who took up Miss Matthews' early tea."

"All right, I'll ring for her," said Guy, moving towards the bell.

"Perhaps," said Hannasyde, "it would be possible for me to see her in some other room?"

Guy flushed. "Oh, certainly! See her anywhere you like!"

Beecher came into the room. Guy said: "Yes, I rang, Beecher. Take the Superintendent to the morning-room, will you, and send Mary to him there."

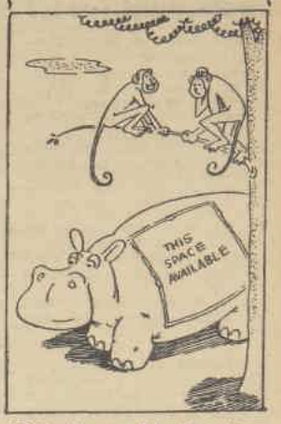
"Very good, sir." Beecher held the door open for Hannasyde, and ushered him out into the hall, and across it to the morning-room.

In a few minutes Mary appeared, round-eyed and scared, and stood just inside the door, with her hands behind her back.

Hannasyde bade her good afternoon, and asked her what her name was. She told him, and he said: "I shan't keep you long. I just want you to tell me who made Miss Matthews' early tea this morning, and who took it up to her."

"Mrs. Beecher, she made the tea, sir. It was me carried the trays up—me and the kitchenmaid."

Animal Antics



"Rodney's gone into the advertising business!"

"Which of you took Miss Matthews' tray?"

"I don't rightly know, sir. The kitchenmaid, she only took two trays up the stairs and put them down on the table on the landing. I can't exactly remember which they was."

"Did the kitchenmaid go downstairs again once she had put the trays down on the table?"

"Oh yes, sir! She only carried them up to oblige. She doesn't go into any of the bedrooms."

"No, I see. And whose tray did you take in first?"

Mary blushed, and stood on one foot. "Well, Mr. Guy's, sir. He does like his tea so hot!"

"Were you long in his room?"

"Oh no, sir!" said Mary, shocked. "I only put the tray down by the bed, and drew the curtains back, and things like that."

"Things like what?"

"Well, straightening the room, sir, and putting his shaving-water on the washstand, and waking him up."

"So you might have been there about five minutes or so?"

"Yes, I expect it would be about that," Mary agreed.

"When you came out again was anyone on the landing?"

"Oh no," Mary said. "Whatever would anyone be out there for at that hour?"

"I just wanted to know. Whose was the next tray you took in?"

"I took Mrs. Matthews' hot water in, sir. She doesn't have tea."

"Did you have to wake her, too?"

Mary shook her head. "Mrs. Matthews is always awake in the mornings. She doesn't never sleep after six, so she told me."

"Doesn't she? Whose tray was the next?"

Please turn to page 34

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

Capricorn people, those born between December 22 and January 20, are called after the astrological symbol of Capricorn, "the goat." The name comes to these people because of their graceful walk and agile aspects generally.

IT represents, too, the peak of material success to which these people aspire and the spiritual heights they can achieve through love and self-sacrifice.

It also shows that the higher a Capricornian climbs the farther he has to fall; the more idealistic his motives the greater the temptations.

Wise Capricornians, therefore, are those who set their goals not impossibly high, and who climb steadily towards them along paths which are safe and reliable.

The trouble is that few Capricornians can visualise any goals but the highest.

Most Capricornians find the road to success a hard and long one. They are seldom "lucky" people.

They must work for every gain they make. Some tend to grouch over this condition and to grow discouraged and full of self-pity and moods.

That is unwise. For the Capricornian who is truly successful in the end is usually the one who has learned to regard his difficulties as lessons and as stepping stones showing the true way to the top of the hill—the one who has learned the art of laughing and thus uses his inherent humor and sound common sense.

DAILY DIARY

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Continue to observe the utmost caution in all that you do, for pitfalls line your pathway at this time. Try to avoid changes, upsets, arguments, delays, obstructions and worry. Be particularly careful on January 18 (after 4 p.m.), January 19, and January 20.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): You can't take any more risks or make changes for a while. Try to sit quietly and concentrate on routine. Dodge delays, difficulties, and upsets on January 20 (evening), 21, and 22.

GEMINI (May 23 to June 22): Better times right ahead for you, and January 19 and 20 may show you the first glimmer of light. But don't attempt anything too big then. Better to plan ahead. Finalise routine.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): You are nearly through one of your most difficult times of the year, so cheer up. But still observe caution on January 18 (after dusk), 19, 20, and 25, when difficulties may prevail.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): It's now the turn of Leonians to show wisdom and patience. Be on guard against losses, partings, disappointments, opposition and worry. Avoid changes, especially on January 20 (after 6 p.m.), 21, and 22. Routine advised.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Unspectacular, especially for January 18 to dusk—a day which can be utilised very advantageously if you want to make changes and seek promotion.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): You can now afford to plan ahead wisely and confidently. Good fortune may be courted during the next few weeks. However, don't rush things, because January 18 (night), 19, and 20 are adverse.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Don't take risks now, especially on January 20 (after dusk), 21, or 22, for trouble is almost sure to catch up with you then if you've been rash. Routine will prove wisest.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Fair for you on January 23 and 24.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): January 18 (to 4 p.m. only) gives you a fast and splendid chance for the present of achieving good fortune of some kind. So work hard and wisely then. After 4 p.m. and on January 19 and 20 poor.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): January 21 and 22 poor, but good times ahead, so plan wisely and constructively.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Unspectacular. January 21 and 22 just fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master Magician, is at Fort Radi, Central Africa, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant. They are helping
CAPTAIN TOD BROWNELL: Whose life has been threatened by
BESA: Sorcerer of the Wambesi tribe, who was responsible for the death of Colonel Carr, father of Brownell's fiancée,
LIBIE CARR: Who lives at the fort. Besa terrified the natives by exhibitions of "black magic," and, as his attempts to kill Brownell and Mandrake have failed, he creeps up to the fort, and kidnaps Libie as she lies asleep. Mandrake and Lothar immediately set off in pursuit.

NOW READ ON.

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Bad Breath, Flabby Fat

CONSTIPATED FOOD TRACT

Retained fermenting food wastes poison the system and are a positive menace to fitness and good looks. Sufferers from constipation usually experience flatulence, a bloated feeling, have sick headaches, biliousness, pimples, bad breath and put on excessive unhealthy fat. Depression hangs around and everything seems wearisome and gloomy.

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"MISS HARRIET'S, sir. She was awake, too."

"Did she seem quite well then, or did she complain of feeling ill?"

"No, sir, she didn't say nothing about feeling ill. She was just like she always was."

"Did you go into her room again at any time during the morning?"

"No, I never saw her again," replied Mary, ready tears springing to her eyes. "Mrs. Matthews gave orders no one wasn't to disturb her."

Hannasyde asked her no more questions, but sent her away to find the butler, in whose charge Dr. Fielding had left the key of Miss Matthews' bedroom. The Sergeant, who had been pursuing investigations in the servants' hall, joined him, and escorted by Beecher they went upstairs together.

Miss Matthews' room, at first glance, told them nothing. The Superintendent got rid of Beecher, and shut the door.

"If she was poisoned the stuff may have been put into her early-morning tea," he said. "Apparently the tray was left on that table outside for a few minutes while the housemaid took young Matthews' tray to his room. Or it may have been given in the medicine Mrs. Matthews gave the unfortunate woman. That pre-supposes that she felt ill this morning from purely natural causes, of course."

The Sergeant pursed his mouth. "It's what I'd call an audacious sort of a crime, Chief. If it's more of this nicotine it looks like the same person at work. Well, I have known people get away with one clever murder and think themselves so smart they can get away with another, but to go and commit the second murder before the police have finished with the first strikes me as being fair madness!

Behold, Here's Poison

Continued from page 32

"What's more, if this turns out to be murder there's only Mrs. Matthews could have done it, as far as I can see. How's she taking it?"

"She's upset. But the woman's such a mass of insincerity it's very hard to know what to make of her."

"That's where psychology comes in," said the Sergeant.

"I'm looking for motive, thanks. She had one for murdering Gregory Matthews, but to poison a woman because you want her share of the house seems too thin."

"I don't know," said the Sergeant ruminatingly. "But what beats me, Chief, is where our precious Hyde fits in now?"

Hannasyde shook his head. "It's beyond me. Perhaps he doesn't; perhaps we've been wasting our time looking for him." He glanced round the room. "Hemingway, I want every conceivable thing poison could have been put into. Collect them, will you? Pills and medicines, and face-creams, and lotions."

"Right!" said the Sergeant briskly.

He had walked over to the wash-stand and was inspecting a bottle of mouth-wash. "I wonder why anyone wanted to do in a harmless old body like Miss Matthews? It doesn't make sense. What about this gargle? Do you want it?"

"Yes, and that tube of ointment."

"It isn't ointment," said the Sergeant. "It's toothpaste. There's another one here, too, but that's empty."

"Take it, anyway. I'm not leaving anything to chance this time."

"Just as you say, Super," said the Sergeant. He began to pack into his attache-case all the pots and the bottles which Hannasyde had collected.

On their way downstairs again they met Edward Rumbold, who was awaiting them in the hall. He said: "You're leaving now, Superintendent? Mrs. Matthews would rather like to know when you expect to hear the result of the post-mortem."

"I'm afraid I can't tell you that," replied Hannasyde. "Not very long, I think." He looked Rumbold over and asked: "Are you a close friend of the family, Mr. Rumbold?"

"I live next door," Rumbold answered. "I think I may say that I am a fairly close friend."

"Did you know the late Mr. Matthews well?"

Rumbold smiled faintly. "I doubt whether anyone did, Superintendent. I certainly knew him."

"Perhaps you can help me over a small matter," Hannasyde said. "Did Mr. Matthews ever make any mention to you of any business in which he was interested?"

Rumbold frowned. "I don't think I quite understand. Do you mean some speculative venture? He did once or twice ask my opinion of investments he thought of making."

"No, that wasn't what I meant. You don't know whether he was engaged in any business which his family didn't know about?"

"He never mentioned it to me if he was," answered Rumbold. "What sort of a business?"

"That I can't tell you. I thought it possible Mr. Matthews might have confided in you."

Rumbold shook his head. "No, he never spoke of anything like that."

Hannasyde sighed, and said: "He seems to have been very reticent. Tell me, did you happen to see him on the day he died?"

"No, I was away. I only got back last week."

"Oh, I see!" Hannasyde said. "Never mind, then: it doesn't much matter."

EDWARD RUMBOLD, rejoining the family in the library, made no mention of his conversation with the Superintendent, but merely said that Hannasyde had not told him when he expected to receive the analyst's report.

"What does it matter?" Stella said impatiently. "What's the use of blinking facts? We know she was poisoned!"

"My dear child, we do not know anything of the sort," said Mrs. Matthews. "Please try to control yourself!"

"Why did you pretend you couldn't remember who had washed that medicine-glass?" Stella demanded. "Mother, why?"

Mrs. Matthews arranged her skirt again. "Really, Stella!" she protested. "I should have thought you must have known that my memory is not my strongest point. I have had far more important things to think about to-day than who washed up a glass."

"You always do it yourself! You told me so!"

"Very well, dear, no doubt I did wash it, then. It is not a very vital matter, after all."

Stella was silenced, and turned away. Guy said, as though he had been rehearsing it: "I suppose you know that Aunt Harriet's money comes to me?"

"Money!" said Mrs. Matthews sharply. "She had none to speak of. Don't be so foolish, Guy! And I don't think it's quite nice of you, dear boy, to think about what poor Harriet may or may not have left you when she's only been dead——"

"There's about four thousand," Guy interrupted. "Goodness knows I could do with it, too!"

Stella made a choking sound, and went hastily out of the room. The telephone on the hall-table caught her eye. She stood still, looking at it, and then, as though of impulse, picked up the receiver, and gave a number.

To be continued

Listeners name their three most popular artists

Crosby, Eddy, and Gracie Fields

Recently five thousand people in Australia were asked to name those recorded artists whom they preferred to hear as part of their radio entertainment.

MORE than two hundred artists were named, but Bing Crosby, Nelson Eddy, Gracie Fields, and Victor Silvester's Ballroom Orchestra were easily the leaders.

With this information as a guide, the Macquarie Network decided to produce a show which would provide the majority of listeners with entertainment that would be absolutely sure of wide popularity. The result is "The Radio Revue," which will be heard over Station 2GB and the entire Macquarie Network every Monday night at 8.30, commencing Monday, January 20.

This programme, "The Radio Revue," will feature the four artists named, and it will be so presented that listeners will feel that it is a session in which they take a personal interest. They are invited to express their opinions concerning the merits of the four artists featured and their comments are incorporated in the session.

As compere the snow has the irrepressible Jack Davey, whose job will be to present the artists and listeners' opinions of them.

The popularity of the three singers in the group is a tribute to their personality.

At the age of fifteen, Gracie Fields applied for the job of a chorus girl.

Her photograph was returned with "hardly suitable" written in the corner, yet a few years later Gracie Fields had won such success that she was appearing in six shows a day.

In spite of the fact that he is one of the most popular stars of radio, screen and records, Bing Crosby has always remained a modest, likeable fellow, and many people have attributed his continued success to this factor.

Success did not come easily to Nelson Eddy. As a journalist, employed writing obituaries, he was discharged because he sang at his work, and put too much of the joy of life into his farewells to the dead.

His earliest singing masters were gramophone records, which he bought from his hard-earned pocket money.

GRACIE FIELDS and Bing Crosby, who lead in radio popularity.

The success of Victor Silvester's orchestra is one of those happy accidents that sometimes bring fame.

Victor Silvester is a world-famous dancing teacher who forwarded correspondence lessons to dancing teachers throughout England.

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The Homemaker

January 18, 1941 The Australian Women's Weekly 35

DON'T PULL FACES

● The habit of making grimaces when you talk, sew, are angry, make up, read or write is not only most unattractive but very bad for your face. Soon the results of much grimacing show in the form of ageing lines. Learn to look expressive and yet retain facial poise and charm.

By . . . JANETTE

HERE is the most charming way to greet somebody for the first time—vivid, smiling eyes with friendly expression and a warm, interested smile. BELOW: If you have to knit your brows when you sew or read, eye-strain must be your trouble. See about getting glasses.

DO YOU fly into a rage easily and show it with knitted brows, staring eyes and downturned mouth? Nothing is more unattractive and devastating to your good looks. If temper does get the better of you, do force your face to be calm—

LEFT: Another social and beauty crime—pulling faces when you make up, especially in public. Watch yourself in your mirror when you fluff on powder or apply lipstick.

DO YOU CHEW thread when you sew instead of using a pair of scissors? This is not only bad for your teeth, but wrinkles form between brows, round eyes, and at corners of the mouth.

NAIL-BITING is a social and beauty crime. It usually goes with bad temper, so beware—if this is your trouble, paint your nails with aloes, or wear artificial nails, and learn to laugh.

SERENITY can be just as charming as animation. The girl here is relaxed, though her attention is fully engaged. Her face is in repose, but her eyes express interest and friendliness.

HOW do you greet somebody you've never met before?

Like the girl in the picture at the top left of page, with a warm, interested smile, with vivid, smiling eyes which let your friendly feelings come through? Or do you avert your eyes, give a nervous smirk and an abstracted look?

Between these two ways lies all the difference between a friend lost and won, between solitude and being sought after—not to mention what it does for your looks.

If you look for attraction in everyone you meet—show in your face you expect to find them delightful—your friends will adore you and their friends will ask for introductions.

Perhaps you find you have to knit your brows and screw up your eyes to be able to see. Then you must be suffering from eye-strain and you should see an oculist.

If the bitten lips and frowning brows are just bad habits, here are three things you can do about them. Arrange a mirror opposite your chair, and every so often look up suddenly and try to catch yourself out.

Get someone to pull you up every time she sees you pulling faces.

You know the faces a man pulls when he shaves? Well, they're nothing to the grimaces that some of us make when we apply lipstick, smooth in rouge or fluff on powder.

Just take a look at yourself some time—in the act. That, believe it or not, is the reason men don't like us making up in public.

Then anger: There are lots of things in this perverse world which make a girl—any girl—very angry; but do be clever enough not to look so agitated.

Why put yourself at a disadvantage by looking a hag with knitted brows and staring eyes?

If your face will register naughty temper, make it relax as soon as possible. The very act of smoothing out the angry lines helps you to get a hold of yourself.

Do you bite your nails?

When women bite their nails wise men make for the door. To every man, bitten nails mean bad temper. Just that. And see above what it does to your face.

Try painting your nails with bitter aloes, wearing artificial nails, taking calcium, using a nail-growing cream, even chewing gum, and learning to laugh.

Once you get the laughing temperament you won't have time to bite your nails—you'll be manicuring for the next date.

Do you chew thread when you sew, while wrinkles form between brows, round eyes, and at the corners of the mouth?

Look contented while you sew or mend, relax the facial muscles—consciously at first. It will become subconscious before long.

And practise going to sleep smiling. That will turn up the corners of your mouth quicker than any exercise.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that to look happy and radiate charm it is necessary to be everlastingly animated. Serenity is attractive too.

Whenever you want to raise your eyebrows—and engrave tramlines on your forehead—open your eyes wide instead. It's much more attractive and it keeps the eyes young.

The girl in the picture at lower right is relaxed though her attention is fully engaged.

Her face is in repose while her speaking eyes give out their message of friendliness. And she is alluring because of the poise which is at the very centre of her being.

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SUMMERTIME LUNCHES . . . .

● Even in hot weather lunch should be more than a tea-bread-and-butter snack if you value your health. And this month, with the children still at home on their school holidays, young appetities must be satisfied, too.

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

So whether you have friends in for lunch or not, take time to enjoy luncheon with the children. Serve an attractive summertime meal, simple but nourishing.

SAVORY LAMB ROLL

One boned shoulder of lamb, salt, pepper, seasoned flour, savory stuffing.

Select a shoulder 3lb. or 4lb. in weight and remove bone. Sprinkle inside with salt and pepper, and stuff with savory stuffing. Roll up and secure with white string. Rub with seasoned flour and place on a trivet in a baking dish. If the skin covering is very thin, lay several strips of fat bacon on top. Sear 10 minutes in a hot oven (temp. 450 deg. F.), reduce heat to moderate (temp. 350 deg. F.), and cook for further 1½ hours. Chill and serve with mint jelly and cold orange and lettuce salad.

MINT JELLY

One cup mint leaves, ½ cup boiling water, ½ cup sharp apple juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon gelatine, green coloring.

Steep finely-chopped mint leaves and sugar in boiling water for 30 minutes. Dissolve gelatine in hot apple juice. Allow to cool and add to strained mint liquid and lemon juice. Color carefully. Allow to set. Chop and serve in lemon skin cups with cold lamb.

COLD VEGETABLE PLATTER

One or two firm lettuce, 1½ cups cooked lima beans, 1½ cups cooked new potatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped eschalot, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1½ cups cooked green peas, 1½ cups grated carrot, ½ cup shredded radish, salad-dressing, paprika.

Wash whole lettuce and remove hard stem. Cut into wedges, quarters or more according to size of lettuce. Slice potatoes, mix with shredded radish, and pile in centre of large flat salad dish. Sprinkle with chopped eschalot, parsley and paprika. Arrange lettuce wedges in a circle radiating from centre. Place alternating piles of lima beans, grated carrots and green peas between lettuce. Serve fresh and cold with salad-dressing.

SAVORY LIVER MOULD

Two cups finely chopped liver, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 2oz. chopped ham or bacon, 2 teaspoons chopped onion, 1 tablespoon butter or dripping, 4 chopped gherkins, pepper and salt, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon salt, paprika, rind of 1 lemon, ½ pint stock, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water.

Saute liver with onion in the butter. Soften gelatine in cold water and heat in stock until dissolved. Blend all ingredients together and pack firmly in a straight-sided loaf tin and chill. Serve in slices with salad.

ORANGE BUTTERMILK TART

Half cup sugar, 1 cup buttermilk, 1 dessertspoon flour, 2 dessertspoons butter, pinch of salt, 2 eggs, 4oz. of orange pastry.

Make a short crust, using orange juice instead of water for mixing, and flavor it with ½ teaspoon orange rind and 1 dessertspoon of sugar. Line a tart plate or small patty cases with pastry and prepare filling as follows:—

Mix flour and sugar, add egg-yolks and buttermilk, then melted butter. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Place filling in tart plate or patty tins and bake in a hot oven (temp. 425 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat of oven to moderate (350 deg. F.) and bake for a further 5 to 10 minutes for tartlets and a further 25 minutes for larger tart.

● *SAVORY LAMB ROLL, made with a shoulder of lamb, which is boned, stuffed with savory seasoning, and baked. It should be served cold with mint jelly in lemon cups, and salad.*

RHUBARB BRAN MUFFINS

One and a half cups self-raising flour, ¾ cup bran, pinch of bicarbonate of soda, ¾ cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon honey, ½ cup diced rhubarb, 1 egg.

Moisten bran and soda with milk. Cream butter and sugar and honey. Stir in gradually beaten egg, bran, and milk. Add rhubarb, and lastly sifted flour. Two-thirds fill deep patty tins with the mixture and bake in upper half of a hot oven (temp. 400 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

SALAD STICKS

One cup plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1oz. butter, 1 tablespoon chopped chilli, 1 teaspoon chopped gherkin, pinch of pepper, ½ teaspoon celery salt, 1 egg, water.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in butter and add finely chopped chilli and gherkin. Bind with well-beaten egg and sufficient water to mix to a stiff dough. Roll thinly and cut into long, narrow strips. Place on a greased tray and bake in a moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) for 10 minutes.

PIG'S CHEEK AND VEAL BRAWN

One pig's cheek, 1 knuckle of veal, 1 pint stock, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 teaspoon of tarragon vinegar, 1 hard-boiled egg, green salad.

Soak pig's cheek for half an hour. Place into tepid water with knuckle of veal and simmer gently until tender. Remove meat from bone, mince veal and pork together, and strain stock. Dissolve gelatine, add to stock, flavor with vinegar and add minced meats. Arrange a pattern with sliced egg-yolks on the bottom of a wetted or oiled mould. Pack in meat mixture and chill until firm. Unmould and serve with green salad.

OATMEAL CHEESE BISCUITS

Eight ounces fine oatmeal, 4oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter, 1 egg-yolk, water to bind.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, rub in butter and add oatmeal and cheese. Mix to a dry dough with egg-yolk and water. Roll out ¼in. in thickness, cut into finger lengths. Place on a tin and bake in a moderate oven (temp. 375 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool on the tray.

These biscuits are delicious served with celery.

Cooked Sausages & Vegetables

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For brilliance in the garden . . .

SPANISH BROOM

● Flowering shrubs may safely be placed in the "no trouble" class when the gardener is looking for something to reduce his work.

—Says **OUR HOME GARDENER**

WHILE many people plant annuals, biennials and perennials for quick effect, or do other things with that undue haste that characterises almost everything we do to-day, the careful gardener with an eye to the future plants flowering shrubs—and saves a lot of time in the process.

That sort of gardener paints his garden pictures little by little, pausing now and then to get a view of the masterpiece that nature will in a few years' time complete for him.

And it is pleasing to see that flowering shrubs are at last gaining the popularity they deserve, for most of them are long-lived, flower for months, and provide the garden with color at periods when the annuals and others have spent their glory.

● SPANISH BROOM. Its bright yellow pea - shaped flowers are unusually fragrant and make a dazzling display of color in the garden. It harmonises well with purple-flowered shrubs, violas and the like.

Everyone, of course, knows the brilliant Spanish broom, with its bright yellow, pea-shaped, fragrant flowers.

In almost every big garden and park throughout the Commonwealth this free-growing and free-blooming shrub or small tree stands out like a beacon, showing light amid the sombre surrounding greenery.

The gardener to-day places cytisus, genista and the spartium in the broom class, for they are all closely allied.

Ease of culture

SPANISH broom is variously described as Genista hispanica and Spartium junceum, but I leave it to botanists to fight out. There is no argument, however, about its beauty, fragrance, and ease of culture, provided it is grown in light soil and given plenty of humus and water.

The lovely cytisus, particularly the common yellow laburnum which grows so well in the cool parts of Australia, and the comparatively new variety known as Lilac Time are two of the best of that section of the family.

The gardener looking for choice yellow flowering shrubs, however, should not overlook the claims of cytisus andreanus aureus and fragrans.

Others of the cytisus family which are most attractive are albus (white), C. E. Pearson (wallflower-red wings tipped with old-rose), Dallimorei (vieux rose), and Hibernia (orange-scarlet shaded with rose). The last mentioned is regarded as the best of the colored varieties.

Colorful genistas

GENISTAS are not so numerous, although their blossoms are most attractive in appearance. The Mount Etna genista or broom is of pendulous or weeping habit, and in the warmer parts of Australia is covered with bright yellow blooms in November and December.

A white variety of the weeping genista is known as monosperma pendula, and is more suited to the cool parts and highlands than the humid coastal areas.

When all the other brooms have finished flowering, the brilliant yellow Genista tincloria comes into flower and stays a mass of bloom for many weeks.

Some of the brooms are small trailing plants suitable for rock gardens, and among these the best are Kewensis (pale yellow), Ardoinei (yellow), and Skipkaensis (white), but these three are rarely catalogued by nurserymen.

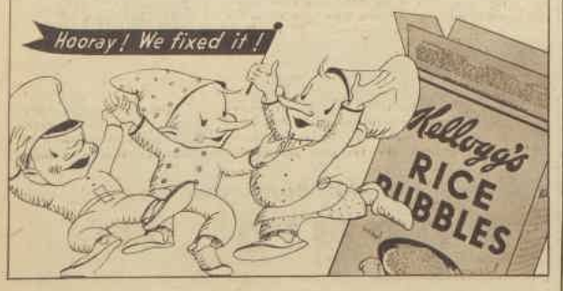
Most of the brooms form a lot of wood and need careful annual treatment when it comes to pruning.

"Billy's had his last breakfast-time crying match," Snap, Crackle and Pop assured Billy's Mama, who was all worried up because Billy never would eat breakfast. "We're coming with a plateful of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. We bet that'll be the end of your breakfast-time troubles with Billy."

Mrs. Russell could hardly believe it, when she saw how Billy took to that delicious oven-popped rice of Kellogg's. "Listen, Mum, Kellogg's Rice Bubbles go Snap, Crackle and Pop when I pour the milk on."

"Great jumping Kangaroos! Look how Billy's filling out!" No wonder! Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are brimming over with the energising, easily digested nourishment that growing children need. And your kiddies won't be able to resist that fascinating Snap, Crackle and Pop, either!

"Rice Bubbles" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. for its oven-popped rice.



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First prize for new . . .

Shortbread Recipe

SELECTED by our cookery expert as the most interesting entry for the week in our best recipe competition. Other readers win consolation prizes for their recipes. These and the first prize-winner are published below.

YOU, too, can enter this exciting recipe competition.

All you have to do is write out your recipe, attach name and address and send to this office.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

So let us have your pet recipe now. It may be worth cash to you.

HAWAIIAN SHORTBREAD

Half-pound flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 4oz. butter, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 6oz. castor sugar, 1 tablespoon cream.

Hawaiian Filling: ½ cup castor sugar, 2 teaspoons cornflour, ½ cup crushed pineapple, 2 ripe bananas, 1½ tablespoons lemon juice.

Sift 6oz. of the flour with baking powder and salt into a basin. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, cream, and vanilla essence. Stir till well blended, add sifted flour, mix well, gradually adding remaining flour to make a stiff dough. Chill well. Divide into two. Turn onto a lightly floured board, shape into two rounds, and roll out ¼-inch thick.

Make Hawaiian filling thus: Place castor sugar, cornflour, and pineapple in a saucepan, stir over low heat till thick, remove from fire. When cool, add mashed bananas and lemon juice. Leave till cold. Spread one half of shortbread with filling, cover with other half, press edges together and bake in a moderate oven 15 minutes.

Butterscotch Shortbread: To the Hawaiian shortbread mixture omit filling, substitute 4oz. brown sugar instead of 6oz. castor sugar.

Coconut Shortbread: Add 3oz. desiccated coconut to flour mixture when mixing.

Nut Shortbread: Mix in ½ cup finely chopped nuts before turning out on pastry-board.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Verna Meney, P.O., Lalbert, Vic.

MULBERRY CHUTNEY

Place 4lb. mulberries in a pan and add 2 breakfast cups sugar, 3 tablespoons salt, 1 teaspoon cayenne, 2oz. allspice, ½lb. chopped raisins, and 1½ pints malt vinegar.

Boil all gently for an hour. Then rub through a colander till stems alone remain. Bottle when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to E. Ruback, Mary St., Marlborough, Qld.

PICKLED CELERY

Five large heads of celery, 3lb. of tomatoes, 1lb. sugar, ½ pint of vinegar, 2 tablespoons salt, 1 teaspoon each of ground cinnamon, cloves (ground), mustard seed, and celery seed.

Wash celery. Remove leaves and chop them finely. Skin tomatoes and cut them into quarters. Boil all ingredients together slowly for 1½ hours. Turn into jars and tie down while hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Joan Bruce, Walmsley St., Kangaroo Pt., Brisbane.

BUTTERSCOTCH NUT PIE

One and a half cups milk, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons powdered sugar, 1 cupful chopped nuts.

Heat 1 cup of milk with sugar until sugar is free from lumps. Mix cornflour, ½ cup milk and egg-yolk, and add to hot mixture slowly. Cook in a double boiler until thick, stirring constantly. Add nuts, then continue to cook for 10 minutes longer, stirring occasionally.

Remove from stove and add butter. When cool, pour into a baked pastry-shell. Cover with meringue, made from the stiffly-beaten whites and the powdered sugar. Brown in a slow oven, and on removing decorate with half walnuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Bakkels, 29 Herbert St., South Plympton, S.A.

FRUIT SALAD JAM

Four pounds rockmelon, 4lb. pineapple, 1 dozen large passionfruit, ¾lb. sugar to each pound of pulp.

Cut melon and pineapple into small pieces and cook until fairly soft, then add sugar. Simmer until mixture begins to thicken and turns an amber color. Add pulp of passionfruit and cook for 20 minutes. This also makes a delightful filling for cakes and tarts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Russell, Tent Hill, N.S.W.

RAISIN DRINK

One pound sugar, 2lb. raisins, seeded and chopped, all the juice and half the grated peel of 1 lemon, 2 gallons boiling water.

Put all ingredients into a stone jar, stir every day for about a week, strain and bottle. Will be fit for use in about 10 days or a fortnight.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Oram, 40 Campbell St., Bowen Hills, Brisbane.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says if you want to make mashed potatoes really light and flaky, mash them over heat with an egg-whisk.

DON'T WASTE end scraps of soap. Drop them into a glass jar filled with water. They will dissolve and form liquid soap, which is useful for all sorts of general cleaning.

Little Miss Precious Minutes

TO remove soil spots from a cement porch or verandah floor scrub with any good scouring powder and plenty of water. If the marks are oily, cover them with a paste made of the scouring powder and a little water, and allow to remain overnight.

* * *

TOO many coats of wax and heavy applications of wax frequently cause wood floors to become extremely slippery. Wax should be applied in thin coats, each coat being very well polished. Waxing of floors two or three times a year should be sufficient. Frequent rubbings with a soft cloth will keep the floors well polished. Excessive wax can be removed by wiping with turpentine.

* * *

TO remove the cloudy appearance which often dims the finish of pianos, wipe the surface with a soft cloth dampened in a mixture of one tablespoon of best quality vinegar to a quart of tepid water. Wipe dry.

"See my Toofies?"

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A TIRED-OUT COLOURLESS GIRL

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"At last I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Since taking these pills I have made wonderful improvement. I have a very good appetite, my nerves are fine, and I have splendid colour in my cheeks which wasn't there before I took these pills. I have never felt better."

Women and girls who take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enjoy such sparkling spirits and fitness that they never tire of praising the merits of this famous old preparation. These pills always help to create new rich, red blood which restores the nerves, gives brightness to eyes and spirits and a translucent, delicious, colourful glow to cheeks and lips. Get a bottle of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to-day and discover what it is to be youthful, colourful, and fit. At chemists and stores.***

Mr. Inner Man appointed Minister of Inside Information

"Wait till I get my teeth into it"— *says New Minister*

Seldom if ever has a Ministerial appointment been greeted with such acclamation. From an early hour yesterday, enormous and enthusiastic crowds collected along the approach to the Ministry's palatial buildings in Rissole Square.

Punctually at 9.30 a roar of cheering went up as Mr. Inner Man emerged from his luxurious Sausage-Rolls, and paused to acknowledge the plaudits of the crowd. To their great delight he found time to address them briefly, and made several telling points, as, for instance, when he said:—

"This ministry has an essential function to perform. The most important item on our Prop-agenda is to bring home to every citizen in this country the Victual Secret that MEAT NEEDS MUSTARD. Commonsensorship will not pass any meat dish, snack or sandwich without Keen's Mustard to make it palatable and digestible. IT IS WAR TO THE KNIFE against our national enemies — poor appetites and poor digestions. Let us set to work with relish to build up the nation's fitness and good spirits. Let us give our people the Inside Information they need —"The Nation's MEAT is not complete without the Nation's Mustard"."

* Always mix the Mustard with cold water and allow it to stand 10 minutes before using.

but be sure you use

KEEN'S D.S.F. MUSTARD

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The Silver Chatelaine

"IT'S three days since they came here last," she said quietly. "I thought they were satisfied." Her fingers tightened on the arm of the chair. "If they should get him now, at the last moment . . ."

"They won't," said Raeburn. "You can trust Venetia Osmond."

"Trust her!" The old lady lay back and closed her eyes. "I have trusted her completely from the moment she came. We had almost given up hope. It's been dreadful for Arild Svendsen—sometimes hiding in this house, sometimes lurking on the shores of the fjord." She opened her eyes. "If it comes to the worst—if he's taken—you'll get Venetia Osmond away!"

"I can promise you that, Fru Gyldenlove," said Raeburn, hoping that he sounded more confident than he felt.

In the tiled hall footsteps could be heard; the door was opened.

"Herr Kapitan-leutnant Krenz," said the manservant, and an officer walked into the room.

He bowed stiffly, then came forward. "I regret this visit, Fru Gyldenlove—so soon after my last."

Raeburn noted the man's dark and rather melancholy eyes.

"Pray be seated, Herr Kapitan. But first let me introduce my relative, Hr. Gyldenlove."

The officer bowed again and sat down. He began to polish his eyeglass thoughtfully.

"I have come with unpleasant news, Fru Gyldenlove. We shall be mining the fjord, and I'm afraid you must evacuate this house and island. If you insist on remaining, you will of course be without food. My regrets!"

The old woman gave a sigh. "I was afraid this was coming, Herr Kapitan. Any other news?"

"Yes. We're satisfied that General Svendsen is still in Denmark. He tried to escape through Arrhus. We've traced his movements. He was compelled to turn back."

"That must have been a grievous thing for Arild Svendsen."

"We believe," said Krenz deliberately, "that he is in this vicinity. He was here on sick leave before we took your country under our protection. It's natural he should regard this house as a hiding place."

"And it's a pity, Herr Kapitan, that your information isn't a little more exact."

"It's certainly fortunate for General Svendsen," nodded Krenz. "Let me be quite frank, Fru Gyldenlove. Around the shores of this fjord, a dozen detachments are hunting for him at this moment. It would save time and trouble if he accepted the realities of the situation."

"You mean—he should give himself up?"

Krenz raised one shoulder in a faint shrug. "After all, officers of his rank are favorably treated."

"Favors! I think I can answer for Arild Svendsen. What do you say, Niels Gyldenlove?" She glanced at Raeburn.

"If he hasn't already gone he'll be away very soon. A soldier like Svendsen knows his value to Britain."

"We recognise his value to the enemy, Hr. Gyldenlove. That is why I am here." There was a penetrating gleam in the eyes that turned to the old woman. "When did you see him last?"

Her smile was gently ironic. "Do you really expect me to answer?"

"Then you compel me to find the answer for myself."

She gave a little bow. "If you wish to take your leave, Herr Kapitan, I mustn't detain you."

Krenz lay back in his chair, his finger-tips together. "I propose to take my leave exactly two days from now."

"I don't understand." And then the old clear blue eyes opened wide. "Are you proposing to be a guest in my house?"

"It is my intention. Two days should be enough to put a drag-net through this district. My pardons, Fru Gyldenlove, for my intrusion as a guest."

For a few moments the old woman toyed with the jingling chains of her chatelaine. "Your delicacy does you credit, Herr Kapitan," she said. "We must both make the best of the situation. The library is at your disposal." She touched the bell.

"I mustn't forget my duties as your hostess. I am sure you would like some refreshment. We'll have afternoon tea here, Caspar," she said to the manservant, "and a carafe of Braendevin. I will have my kaffe."

Venetia Osmand came in while Caspar was setting out the trays, and Krenz got to his feet.

"Good evening, Froken Osmond." A smile lit up his sombre eyes.

"So you have come back, Herr Kapitan," said the girl.

"Yes, this time as an unwelcome guest. But these things must be."

"The Herr Kapitan will be with us for two days," said Fru Gyldenlove. "By that time, he assures me, he will have found General Svendsen. He's convinced that he's hiding somewhere around the fjord."

"Perhaps you are right, Herr Kapitan," said Venetia Osmond. "But what if he's already back in Britain?"

"He's here," said Krenz. "But let us talk of pleasanter subjects. Food, for instance." He examined with interest a tray of half a dozen varieties of smorrebrod—the Danish sandwich without the upper layer of bread.

"To a hungry man there is nothing more appetising than your national dish. For me, if I may, this one—I confess to a passion for caviare . . . Excellent!" He raised his glass of burnt wine. "I drink to the health of my hostess."

"Thank you, Herr Kapitan." Fru Gyldenlove smiled. "You will pardon me if I drink to General Arild Svendsen—wherever he may be!"

"And to our early meeting," added Krenz significantly.

When the trays had been cleared away the old lady took a pack of cards from a table at her side. "I always play for half an hour before bedtime—it soothes me. If you would like to retire, Herr Kapitan, your room is ready—or perhaps you would care to join us?"

"Delighted." Krenz drew forward his chair.

When midnight chimed from an old clock in the corner, Fru Gyldenlove reached for her ebony stick.

"Thank you, Herr Kapitan. When you have finished your wine Caspar will show you to your room." She took Venetia Osmond's arm. "Good night, Herr Kapitan. May you sleep well on Gorm Island."

Upstairs, Raeburn sat down on the edge of the bed. He was thinking about Krenz. "Quick as an adder," muttered Raeburn. "I wonder how much the devil has guessed."

He waited for half an hour, then crossed the passage and scratched on a door with his fingernail. Venetia Osmond drew him into her room. In the darkness they moved to the open window. He had an impression that she was shivering a little, and he put out his hand to draw the window shut.

"Anything wrong, youngster?"

"Nothing, Nicol. At least, nothing much."

"Out with it!"

"I suppose I'd better. I'm afraid of Captain Krenz. The way he looks at me. He knows something."

"You're sure?"

"I'm not. That's why it's so horrible. But I shouldn't be thinking about myself with General Svendsen in danger . . ."

"Where is he?" asked Raeburn. "You got a latch-key from Fru Gyldenlove."

"He's in an old tower among the trees. It's just a storehouse now. He has food for to-morrow. I found the dinghy, Nicol—it was near the hut, as you said. We took it into the tower. It might have been spotted in daylight."

"The key?"

"I gave the key back to Fru Gyldenlove."

"Better to have kept it yourself," Raeburn suggested.

She shook her head. "It's safer with her. The servants can be trusted, by the way. All of them."

"You must keep your eye on Krenz. He's using the velvet glove. That charm of his is dangerous. I'd have tried to get Svendsen over to the mainland to-night, but we'd walk into trouble. Krenz has detachments watching on both shores. We'll have to stick it till to-morrow night." He pressed her fingers hard and slipped away.

. . . . . .

The speedboat returned to the island after breakfast. Raeburn could see two men waiting for it on the wooden jetty; one was in a blue uniform, the other in plain clothes. As he had guessed, there had been a guard on the island all night. Afterwards, Krenz sat in the library studying the reports that had been brought to him.

Continued from page 7

"Pardon, Froken Osmond." The manservant presently came to Venetia. "The Herr Kapitan asks if you will go to him."

Krenz rose and pulled forward a chair as she entered the library.

"I would like you to help me—if you will. First of all, Fraulein, tell me how you got into Denmark last week."

"I don't understand."

"I think you do." There was the shadow of a smile in the pensive eyes. "I've had further details this morning. Your description checks up exactly. I came back here last night because I had my doubts about you. The reports this morning confirm them. You are the Elise Shoen who came into Denmark with one of our nursing contingents last week, and you disappeared at Arrhus. Through a British agent you made contact with General Svendsen. You deny it, Fraulein—or shall I go on?"

She nodded. "Why not?"

"Your object, Fraulein, was to help Svendsen to escape from Denmark. He's a key man—he knows northern Europe and would help to guide British policy there. You deny nothing—you are wise, Fraulein." He got up and went over to her.

Suddenly he put his fingers under her chin and raised her face. "You are quite lovely, my dear. It's a pity."

A SIMPLY tailored dinner frock from Cresta, relying for its appeal on beauty of line and coloring. The bodice is ice-blue and the high-waisted skirt the new purply shade of midnight-blue. Bishop sleeves have piping cuffs to match the high, round neckline.

She drew away, and he dropped back into his chair.

"Let's talk, Fraulein. I think we can come to an arrangement."

Venetia Osmond drew in a slow breath. "You're talking in riddles, Herr Kapitan. I'm here as Fru Gyldenlove's paid companion. But I suppose you can compel me to listen to you."

"You have good sense as well as good looks, my dear. I've no doubt you're being well paid. I suspect that the money is going into your account in London. Believe me, Fraulein, you will never enjoy it."

"I'm still listening, Herr Kapitan." There was a faint sneer in her tone.

"To-morrow should see General Svendsen in our hands, and then I go to Copenhagen on leave for a few days." He leaned forward. "You will accompany me."

"You're suggesting—"

"Precisely." The sensitive lips widened in a smile. "I think we shall get on well together. I shall have work for you on my staff."

Venetia Osmond rose. "And you're going away to-morrow?"

"For a certainty."

. . . . . .

It was not until the early afternoon that Venetia Osmond had a chance to speak with Raeburn alone. She found him among the sand dunes on the west of the island.

"He's spotted me, Nicol. My description came through this morning, and it checks up."

"What the devil are we going to do? I must get you away . . ."

"And leave General Svendsen?"

He ground his teeth. "The canvas boat's in the tower. We can't risk it. A blind man would see us on that water, and we're probably being watched now. What did Krenz say?"

When she told him, Raeburn flushed. "The swine! So that's his game—he's trying to buy you."

"I've left him hoping." Her smile was twisted. "And the alternative, I suppose, is a firing-squad."

"Listen!" Raeburn snapped his fingers. "Even if you refuse his offer he thinks you'll make some mistake that will give Svendsen away. Has the old lady still got the key?"

"It's safer on that chatelaine of hers than anywhere, Nicol. She must keep it till the last moment."

"Right. I'll slip out after nine, and won't come in again. Meet me in those trees at eleven o'clock—with the key. You'll keep your pecker up?"

"I must, Nick!"

In the late afternoon he watched Krenz saunter for an hour at her side on the terrace. Now and then their intimate laughter reached him; they might have been old friends. Afterwards, when they sat indoors, he semed to detect a look of quiet satisfaction in Krenz's eyes, and he would have given a lot to know what she had said to him.

. . . . . .

As Raeburn slipped quietly out of doors after nine o'clock he had an uncomfortable feeling that something had gone wrong. That Krenz had been playing a waiting game, he felt certain. It now looked as if he were ready, at any moment, to bring things to a crisis.

Beside the high wall on the north of the garden he paused to listen. He had heard footsteps behind him, but now they had stopped. There was a warm drizzle of rain. Although he could see nothing in the darkness, he knew he had been followed from the house. He set out along the path that led to the other end of the island. He waited there, lying in a sandy hollow; then after a long interval he began to work his way back to the pine trees.

His movements were cautious as he made his way to the clearing in front of the tower. The luminous dial of his wrist-watch told him it was now ten o'clock. One hour still to go. As he lay on the soft pine needles he saw a movement. A figure had detached itself from the background of darkness, and a man walked slowly forward, pausing in front of the tower.

He waited for several minutes, then quietly retreated. So a guard had been posted. How much had Krenz learned—or guessed? Better to have got Svendsen out before—but where to have taken him? Raeburn snaked his way back through the bushes to the sand dunes.

The rain had stopped, and it was very quiet. Out on the fjord, the calm at high tide was coming to an end. Soon these quiet waters would be racing westward through the sund. Raeburn got to his feet and looked around.

If there was only one man on guard at the tower he could cope with him: but how soon would Krenz make a move? Everything depended upon Venetia Osmond now. If she could get away from the house with the key of the tower all would go well—given luck! Ducking low, Raeburn began to thread his way, step by step, through the pine trees.

. . . . . .

"In case I don't see you in the morning, Fru Gyldenlove, I thank you for your charming hospitality."

Afternamad had been served on trays as on the previous night, and Krenz smiled across at the old lady.

"You will be leaving in the morning, then, Herr Kapitan?"

"Quite early, I hope. Your young relative, by the way, will come with me."

"You leave nothing to chance, Herr Kapitan."

"Nothing," he assented, "and I never move until the right moment has arrived. The young man hasn't joined us at supper—he seems to prefer the damp night air." He paused. "Froken Osmond is also coming with me," he added.

The old lady stiffened, and her glance went to the girl. Their eyes met.

"Yes, Fru Gyldenlove, there is important work for me."

KRENZ looked at the clock. "With your permission," he said slowly, "as soon as we've finished supper I would like my men to go into the old tower among the trees. If you please, the key."

He rose, and held out his hand, but the old lady shook her head.

"You can give me orders, Herr Kapitan, but you can't compel me to obey them."

"I'm afraid I can. The patrol launch will call at the island in half an hour's time, on its way up the fjord. General Svendsen will go on board—a prisoner."

Fru Gyldenlove laughed. "I think, Herr Kapitan, you'd better explain."

"Willingly," said Krenz politely. "To-day my men searched this island. Every place has been eliminated—except one." For the first time his voice took on a harsher note. "I am still waiting for the key."

"You seem sure that I have it."

"I am."

Fru Gyldenlove said slowly: "If you'll finish your meal, Herr Kapitan, I shall put the key at your disposal. Yes, I give you my word of honor! There are only two pieces of smorrebrod left—and I notice one of them is your favorite caviare."

"You have the memory of a good hostess, Fru Gyldenlove." He smiled. "Yes, for me the caviare . . ." He helped himself, then held out the tray to Venetia Osmond. "Pardon—I should have given you the choice."

"As soon as you've finished," Fru Gyldenlove said to the girl, "you might go up to my room and bring me the keys from my dressing-table."

But when Venetia Osmond reached the passage upstairs it was not to the old lady's room that she went. She slipped out through a side door. When she came to the clearing in front of the tower she halted, and at the same moment she heard the crackle of a twig behind her. There was a quick footstep and a hand came down upon her arm.

"Don't move!" The voice spoke in German.

Venetia tried to wrench herself free, but the grip tightened.

"Who's there?" The man had half turned. From across the clearing came the sounds of a quick scuffle. It was followed by a groan that ended in a stifled gasp, and a dark figure rushed towards them. At Venetia's side, the man's hand went up and a revolver crackled. But the running figure still came on, and it was Raeburn's voice that sang out.

Venetia seized the man's wrist while Nicol Raeburn hurled himself forward and struck the man heavily.

"You've got the key? Quick—the door."

He groped on the ground for the revolver. As the door of the tower swung open, General Svendsen's voice could be heard. He was carrying the canvas boat, and they burst through the pine trees, and down to the water. Somewhere in the darkness they could hear a motor-engine.

"The patrol boat," said Venetia. "It's coming to the island."

They launched the canvas dinghy. Raeburn at the oars. Half a dozen strokes and they were on the ebb tide that carried them to the fjord entrance—and out in the blackness of the sea. The flash of Raeburn's pocket torch was answered.

"The submarine," he said quietly. "We've managed it, General Svendsen."

. . . . . .

Twenty minutes later Kapitan-leutnant Krenz walked slowly into the brightly lit room and dropped into a chair opposite Fru Gyldenlove. His face was expressionless; the skin around his nostrils was white.

"So the patrol launch has gone," said the old lady, "and without General Svendsen on board — a prisoner."

"Yes, I've failed, Fru Gyldenlove. I salute you, a brave woman—and resourceful . . . I could have sworn you had the key of the tower on your chatelaine. How did you pass it on to Fraulein Osmond?"

Fru Gyldenlove reached out for a pack of cards. "You will join me in a game before I retire?" Her slim, deft fingers moved expertly. "It always soothes me at bedtime . . . Ah, the key. I slipped it into a piece of smorrebrod. There were only two left, you may remember, and I gave you your choice. But I hadn't forgotten, Herr Kapitan, that you have a passion for caviare!"

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The Doctor Tells You What to do

About catarrh

PATIENT: Doctor, I've been troubled with catarrh for some time now. It worries me a great deal, and my nose is continually "blocked up."

DOCTOR: It is a fairly safe estimate to say that one person in every six in Australia suffers from some form of chronic nasal trouble. This is especially true of people living in the coastal districts.

More than one disease gives rise to the same symptoms which most of us call indiscriminately "catarrh."

The condition is characterised by a blocking of the nose and head passages which makes its victim clear his throat and blow his nose continually in an effort to remove the mucus which accumulates.

Also it gives rise to frequent head colds, sneezing spells, bronchitis, hoarseness or a chronic cough, and in some cases the inflammation spreads to the ears and results in diminished hearing.

Once the mucous membrane becomes affected the inflammation usually spreads rapidly along all the linings of the head passages which are more numerous than most people realise.

These nasal cavities are joined by the eustachian tubes to the ears, and for this reason a nasal infection can spread easily to the ears.

There are numerous causes of nasal catarrh. Environment is one of the factors which aggravate it. Living in a damp climate or working in a dusty atmosphere brings irritation to the delicate lining of the nose, and people in certain districts or in certain occupations are more liable to it than others.

Secondly, there is a relationship between physical fitness and catarrh. A person who feels "below par" and has a poor resistance to infection is likely to catch frequent colds.

In time these become chronic, especially if they are neglected and not treated properly.

The third cause is a focus of infection in the head which irritates the mucous membranes of the nasal passages. Diseased sinuses or adenoids will produce infectious material which keeps irritating the nose.

If the septum or the turbinates become swollen or misshapen through disease or injury, they may block up some of the space necessary for a free passage of air and so cause trouble.

In such cases the only treatment is to operate and either remove or correct any abnormality such as a bent septum, an infected sinus, or enlarged adenoids.

In some cases a vaccine will help, and in others skin tests similar to those used for asthma may reveal a sensitiveness which can be corrected.

However, many cases of catarrh can be cured without operation if they are treated early enough, and with perseverance.

The treatment consists in finding the cause and removing it.

If the body's general resistance is "below par" it must be built up by means of nourishing food, and better habits of hygiene.

Very often a change to a drier climate or a change of occupation will relieve an early case before it becomes chronic.

Nose drops and sprays are very often effective temporarily, but they should not be used indiscriminately. Sometimes they will merely lull the more obvious symptoms without removing the cause.

This is especially true of cases caused by nasal obstructions or sinus infections.

Finally, there is a growing recognition of the relationship between malnutrition and chronic nasal and throat troubles, and in particular the part that a deficiency of vitamins A, B, and C in the diet plays in increasing susceptibility to such infections.

Foods rich in vitamin C are papaws, citrus fruits, pineapples, salad vegetables and milk.

The best sources of vitamin A are fatty foods such as milk, cream, butter, cheese, egg-yolk, fish oils, liver, and green and yellow fruits and vegetables.

Vitamin B is found in wholemeal bread, nuts, bacon, and milk.

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS love to play "Mother's helpers." Here Cecile (right) and Marie are on duty at the sink washing dishes.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Some common problems

SHOULD childish fears be laughed at? How should childish lies be treated? How to suppress certain strange little habits? These and other problems arise and often cause much worry to young parents.

A leaflet dealing with this problem has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free if a request together with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

USE THIS 2-PURPOSE SOAP

Cuticura is a MEDICINAL and TOILET soap, combining in one big tablet the unique soothing, healing and antiseptic medicaments of Cuticura Ointment, with the mildest and most beautifying soap base that science has devised. The result is a soap with a superlative cleansing and beautifying action. The richly emollient and refining lather penetrates to the *bottom* of the pores, ridding them of every particle of beauty-spoiling dirt, grease and make-up residue. It renders dry, harsh, hungry skin as supple and smooth as velvet. Your complexion blooms anew with new life, new youth and fascinating beauty.

To relieve sore rough skins, also to heal pimples and skin outbreaks and injuries, use Cuticura Ointment. For the perfect finish to your daily bath, dust all over with superfine Cuticura Talcum.

Cuticura PREPARATIONS

— the Toast is "ENGLAND"

All the glory that is England . . . all that England means.

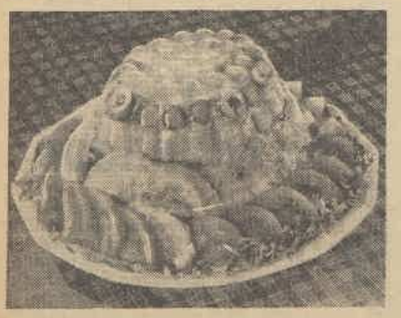
In "The Toast Is England" there comes to radio a programme so transcendingly powerful in emotional appeal that it stirs the very soul.

It is one of the really great broadcast achievements of this or any other year . . . an inspiration which is, too, a prayer.

2GB

SATURDAYS, 8.30 P.M.

DAVIS DAINTY DISHES



Have you made one lately?

TRY THIS NEW DAVIS RECIPE

TONGUES IN TOMATO ASPIC.

6 Servings.

Ingredients:
2½ teaspoons Davis Gelatine.
¼ cup hot water.
3 sheep's tongues.
½ pint cold water.
3 cloves.
2 slices onion.
Pinch nutmeg and curry powder.
1 dessertspoon vinegar.
Salt and pepper to taste.
2 tablespoons tomato sauce.

Method: Place tongues, cold water, cloves, onion, nutmeg and curry powder in saucepan, boil until tender. Skin tongues and slice thinly. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add to stock, add vinegar and tomato sauce. Strain and, if necessary, add a little cold water to make up to ¾ pint. Arrange tongues in a mould with layers of sliced tomato and stuffed olives. Pour in the aspic mixture. Serve in slices on lettuce.

If you would like more recipes for attractive gelatine dishes—desserts, salads, meat dishes and savouries, write for a free copy of our beautifully illustrated Recipe Book, and enclose 2d. stamp for postage:

Department W
DAVIS GELATINE,
G.P.O. Box 2583S, Sydney;
or
G.P.O. Box 4658, Melbourne.

DAVIS GELATINE

You tell us

WHAT *YOU* THINK OF THE MOST POPULAR RECORDED ARTISTS ON THE AIR

Hear Them Mondays 8.30 p.m. 2GB

Compered by Jack Davey

The Australian Women's Weekly—Notice to Contributors

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

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For The Blood, Veins, Arteries And Heart

Elasto The Wonder Tablet

Take It! and Stop Limping

DON'T let Leg Troubles cripple you. Take 'Elasto', the Great New Biomedical Remedy *that acts through the blood*, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense.

Leg aches and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto', *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

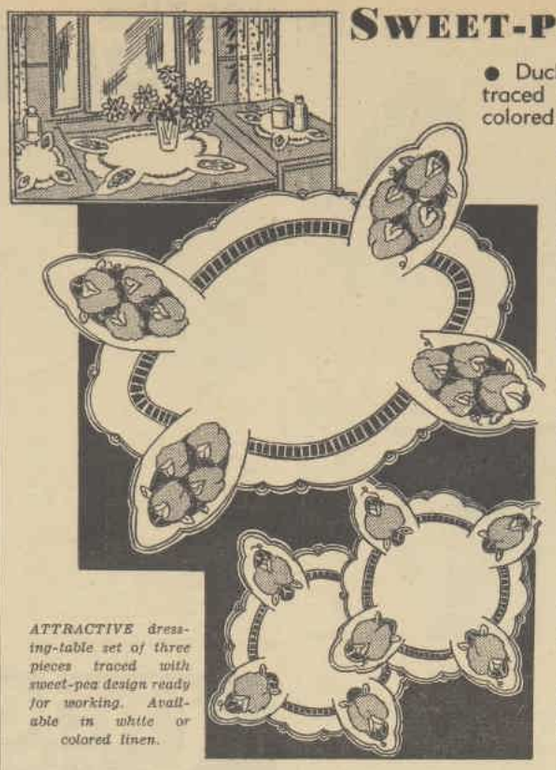
What Is 'Elasto'?

This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *revitalising the blood.* Your copy is Free—see Offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to 'ELASTO', Box 1552R, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting 'Elasto' booklet. Or better still, get a supply of 'Elasto' (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference 'Elasto' makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply. (A.840).

SWEET-PEA DESIGN



ATTRACTIVE dressing-table set of three pieces traced with sweet-pea design ready for working. Available in white or colored linen.

● Duchesse set in three pieces traced for working in white or colored linen.

THESE dainty mats for the dressing-table can be obtained from our Needlework Department stamped with the sweet-pea design on linen in white, cream, green, yellow, blue, or pink.

Price of three-piece set is 2/9, plus 1d. for postage.

Bought separately, prices of mats are: Centre 2/-, small mats 1/- each.

Cottons for working also obtainable for 2½d. a skein.

The floral design is easy to work, and effective. Use buttonholing, stem-stitch and satin-stitch.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No.61

PLAYSUIT for the small girl available in cream or colored linora and traced for making up and working.

PLAYSUIT FOR GIRL

HERE is a most useful little playsuit for your small daughter. It is ideal for holiday or week-end summer wear.

It is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for making up and working in linora in shades of cream, pink, blue, green, and lemon.

The bunny motif on the front of suit is easy to work, and adds charm to its appearance.

Sizes and prices are:

Four to six years, 3/3, plus 1d. for postage.

Six to eight years, 3/6, plus 1d. for postage.

Paper pattern of this design for those who would like to make the playsuit in their own material is also obtainable from our Needlework Department, price 1/-. Transfer 1/- extra.

Dainty frock in linora

No.60

LINORA FROCK ready for making up and working with floral motif on pockets and collar. Obtainable in cream or colors.

THIS dainty little frock for the small girl is suitable either for playtime or party wear.

It is obtainable from our Needlework Department and is traced for making up and working in linora in green, pink, blue, lemon, or cream.

On the pockets and collar two dainty floral motifs are traced ready for embroidery.

Sizes and prices are:

Two to four years, 3/3, plus 1d. for postage.

Four to six years, price 3/9, plus 1d. for postage.

Paper pattern of this design is also obtainable should you want to make the frock in your own material. Price of pattern, 1/-. No transfer available.

Send To This Address!

Adelaide: Box 258A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 469F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 681G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4088W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

HAPPY MOTHERHOOD

Baby shouldn't be an anxiety to you when teething. Providing that the motions are kept easy and regular and the blood cool, there need be no fretting and peevishness when the first little teeth appear. That is exactly what Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders do. They keep baby happy because they keep him healthy, and they are absolutely safe.

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

Write for a FREE SAMPLE to PHOSFERINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD. POST OFFICE BOX 34, NORTH SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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ROOMS *for* DINING . . .

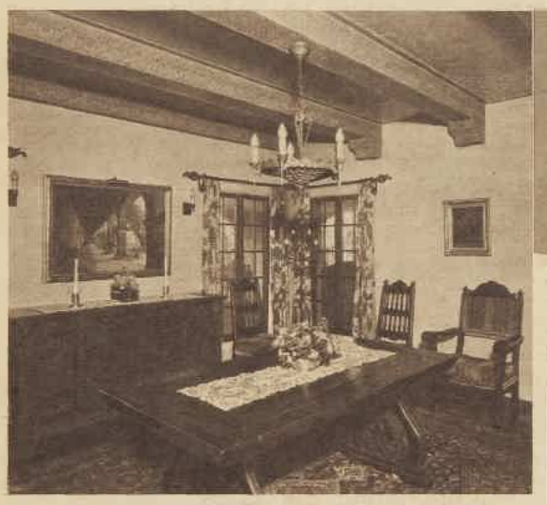
● The atmosphere of the room in which you serve your meals does matter. Pleasant surroundings—a room furnished with taste and serene in its character—will make even the simplest dinner take on added flavor and an elegance.

Here are some present-day dining-rooms furnished in period and modern styles.

● DINING-ROOM furnished in graceful period style in the home of Maureen O'Sullivan, MGM star. Walls are cream, the floor is natural parquet with a plain golden-brown rug in the centre. Window drapes (not seen in the picture) are also golden-brown. Chairs are upholstered in a striped fabric incorporating green, beige, gold, and cream. Candles are used on table and sideboard for illumination when dining

● SIMPLICITY is the keynote of this modern room. The furniture is designed on severely simple but not hard lines. The low buffet is supplemented by a tall cupboard. The plain circular table harmonises with the dining chairs, which are covered in cream leather and heavily studded round the edges. The floor rug is cream and brown. Walls are cream, and provide a perfect background for the enormous picture in colors.

By Our Home Decorator



● THIS ROOM FOR DINING, furnished in Old English style, has an atmosphere of quiet luxury. It is in the home of James Cagney, Warner Bros', star. In this case, the Old-World furniture harmonises with the architecture of the room. Floral drapes are used at the windows, and the floor rug is multi-colored.

● THIS GREEN-AND-WHITE dining-room is unusual. Table, chairs, and other furnishings are in white enamel, the chair seats being covered with white leather and finished with studs. The wall-to-wall carpet is plain green, the frilly draped window curtains are white, and the wallpaper is pale green with a white motif

1. Zoom! Over the clouds! I should have been flying high—but I was sunk. "This vacation's ruined!" I raged to Grace. "It's my bad time of the month. And you know how I chafe!" . . . "Well, why put up with such torture," stormed Grace, "when Miracle Modess now brings you 'Safety Zoning'!"

2. Then she dragged me off to the dressing room and began to cut a Modess pad. "Feel this *fluff* filler!" Grace said. "It's so airy-soft, Modess moulds to the body perfectly—without bulk or bunching. And Modess *stays* softer because 'Safety Zoning' acts for your safety and comfort, keeping comfortable longer than ever before!"

Try it now !

3. And that was the start of the grandest vacation ever! I went on bicycle trips and parties—and had fun every minute, thanks to Miracle Modess! No fretting about accidents, either, because Modess has a moisture-resistant backing to guard against striking through.

ask for Modess SANITARY NAPKINS 1/2 BOX OF 12 Buy Now

A PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON PTY. LTD. M4.27

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I got a lovely modern bathroom from two tins of DYNAMEL

1 I've always dreamt of having one of those bright modern bathrooms—but thought it was way outside my housekeeping budget to do anything about our shabby old bathroom. That is, until I wrote to Anne Stewart. She told me exactly how to transform that bathroom—and what's more, how to do it inexpensively. I went straight down to the shop and bought the Dynamel she recommended.

2 All the dark stained woodwork round our bathroom was the bane of my existence—so it was a thrill to see that lovely Cream Dynamel covering right over it.

And I got the surprise of my life when I found out how easy Dynamelling is. It's as easy as sweeping a floor, or any of my ordinary jobs around the house—and much more fascinating!

3 I had a special hate for the outside of the bath—and Anne Stewart had an answer for that too—Dynamel! I put Cambridge Blue Dynamel over the unfinished exterior of the bath AND right over my shabby, rusty old bathheater. Now that looks just like one of those expensive porcelain finished heaters. Anne Stewart told me that Dynamel is heatproof and splashproof, so it's practical as well as good-looking!

4 ***It sounds too good to be true,*** but I did all this Dynamelling with a small tin of Cambridge Blue Dynamel and Cream Dynamel. (The final smart touch—a hobby size tin of Red Dynamel!) That's something like economy! And now I'm just going to sit back and take all the compliments that are coming . . .

P.S. — And don't forget the bathroom floor! Solpah Paving Paint gives a smart, colorful finish to cement or wooden floors or old linoleum—and it wears like iron. 16 colors. At paint shops everywhere.

Dynamel is better than enamel. It dries twice as fast.

ANYONE CAN DO A GOOD JOB WITH DYNAMEL

Use SOLPAH for all walked-on surfaces

FREE!

TWO BOOKS ON HOME DECORATION

Anne Stewart, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.

Please send me free your enlarged book "The Colorful Home", together with "Harmony in the Kitchen". I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

Name.

Address.

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